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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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PRESENTIMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY MARIE S. LADD.

I touch the lyre, to day, and lo
The strain it gravely gives me back,
Falls measured on the air, and slow;
Its notes are all elegiac.

The day without is summer bright,
The birds sing clear, the flowers are fair,
But as the darkness is the light
When Ill lurks in her secret lair.

As if cold metal bound my head,
And chains my feet forbade to go,
I sit within a nameless dread,
Weighed by the gloom of coming woe.

A something fearful waits me near,
To it I haste though I would stay—
I feel, but cannot see it clear,
And cannot chide my fears away.

THE PACHA'S PLOT.

A Romance of Modern Greece.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY BURR THORNBURY,
AUTHOR OF "THE TORY BROTHERS," &c.

CHAPTER I.

THEODOSIA.

Several years before the Greeks, with the aid of their allies, had freed themselves from Turkish rule, the province of Macedonia was infested by a formidable band of brigands, under the leadership of a chief named Michael Gregorio. Their depredations at last became so numerous and alarming that Mustapha Pacha, the Turkish governor of the province, and a man of extraordinary ability, resolved to exterminate the mountain freebooters.

Our story, which is only a narrative of romantic fact, obtained from an old English resident of Thessalonica, opens at Mielnik, a town on the frontiers of Greece. It was August of the year 1818. At the door of a small but pleasant cottage situated on the outskirts of the town, stood a young girl, looking up the dusty road that leads in the direction of the forest of Salonica. The appearance of this young creature was strikingly interesting. She was not over seventeen; her figure was slight but of exquisitely symmetrical proportions. Her hair was very dark, her features small and delicate. Her eyes were full-orbed, lustrous and black as a sloe, dilating and sparkling when animated, but at other times half-hidden by drooping lids that fell with full Oriental languor over them. Her teeth were white, contrasting finely with her complexion, which, though clear, was not that of the Caucasian, but of a rich golden-brown. Her hands were small, almost diminutive. She was indeed a rare and beautiful being. Her name was Theodosia, and she was an Albanian. After gazing some time toward the cool-green of the distant forest, as if she longed to leave the parched and withered scene that spread nearer before her, and seek those refreshing shades, she turned suddenly, her form swaying with a soft, bending grace, and entered the cottage. There she busied herself for awhile in performing some simple duties, and then went up-stairs to her chamber, next to the low roof of her abode. After an hour's absence she descended, clad as if for a walk. An old woman, altogether different in appearance from the young girl we have attempted to describe, was now in the apartment. There was no trace of relationship between them, the woman being coarse-featured and of large, bony person. She wore a gown of some cheap material, and the garment was very ill-fitting. Theodosia was differently attired. She had on a dark, rich looking robe, partly open before, and gathered at the waist by a silken sash drawn tightly around her. A hat of simple form, with a single feather in it, lay on the rude table near.

"You will not go to-night, will you, Theo?" inquired the old woman, anxiously. "You have gone so often that your visits will at last attract attention, if they have not done so already. It is dangerous. Besides, you go clothed like a lady, when you are only—"

"Only what, Thracia?" interrupted the maiden, with some impatience. "Am I not Gregorio's niece?"

The old woman made no reply, but looked rebuked, as she turned with a sigh to her work.

"I am less liable to hindrance and question, and am surer of respectful treatment if I go in the garb of a lady than if I wear a peasant's dress," continued Theodosia. "But there is really little danger, for I am careful, and after dusk there are few on the road but our friends. I must go to-night at every hazard, for I have important news for our band."

As the young girl's words implied, she was indeed the niece of the renowned brigand chief, Michael Gregorio, and in full affinity

LIEUTENANT MAROUF MEETS THEODOSIA IN THE FOREST.

with his band. Her true character unknown, she was stationed at Mielnik to give information of movements against the marauders, and to furnish such other intelligence as might be valuable to them. At times she would remain with her robber-uncle for weeks, enjoying the wild, mountain life he led, and then return to the dame with whom we have seen her. She was shy, and hardly known to the inhabitants of the town, though her extraordinary beauty sometimes secured her more notice than was desirable. She had never thought it was wrong to be an accomplice and agent—in fact, a member of the brigand force—for she had been reared under circumstances not calculated to develope very correct sentiments of morality. The band preyed chiefly upon the rich, and she had been taught that it was right to despoil them of a portion of their wealth and distribute it among the poor, which was often done by the brigands. As a result of this policy, many of the lower classes looked with favor upon them, and they were thus rendered more formidable, and their chastisement became more difficult.

"It is nearly sunset, dear Thracia; I must be going," said the maiden in a sweet voice to her aged companion. "I will take a by-path till I reach Martes, and by that time it will be dusk, and I shall be unobserved. Kiss me, Thracia."

"Oh, child, if you would not go! You will be suspected at last, and taken before the governor. He is very cruel. If you would only remain with me and go no more to the forest and the mountain," pleaded the old woman, who had become tenderly attached to her beautiful charge, and feared, first that her visits to the brigand camp would be discovered, and secondly that she would become so attached to the adventurous life she there at times led, that when actual danger threatened she would desert the cottage forever.

"What!" exclaimed Theodosia in reply; "and give up the wild, free life I have learned to love?" Her brown cheek mantled with a rich glow of enthusiasm. "Never, Thracia. I could not stay in the town at all were it not that I thereby assist my friends."

"It is as I feared," sighed the dame to herself. "Her heart is not here, and she will soon leave me to come back no more."

The young girl seemed to divine her thoughts, for she said:

"I know what you are thinking, my kind Thracia; you fear that I will desert you, and come no more to Mielnik. I will never forget you, my dear old friend. If you remain here your wants shall be supplied as they always have been by my uncle; and if you choose you shall go with us."

"Nay, nay, my child," interposed the woman; "the mountain and the camp are not for me. I am old, and I would but burden you. Good-by, since you will go; but be very careful, and return again before the leaf is brown." And she stooped and kissed tenderly with her withered lips the sweet warm cheek of the lovely girl.

In another moment Theodosia was gone, and Thracia turned wearily to her work. Leaving the cottage, the former moved quickly down a dusty hedgerow till she reached an unfrequented by-road running parallel with the highway. The level rays of sunset streamed through the openings in the straggling hedge, lighting up her rich brown complexion with a peculiar and tender brightness. She was as happy as a young heart can be; natural, unaffected and trusting; innocent almost as a flower, though associating with lawless men. They loved her for her grace and beauty and truth; and in their midst, witnessing not their cruelties, but seeing only the more romantic features of their life, she kept pure, knowing not the meaning of crime.

Gaining the by-path she hastened with little caution on her way, her figure as she moved revealing that undulating outline, that flexibility, and that elastic movement of the limbs, which resemble the facile and harmonious action of the leopard, deprived of all that is stealthy.

Just as the twilight was deepening into dusk she gained the main road leading to the forest already named. She paused and looked around before entering the gloom of what—the highway running straight into the wood—seemed like the huge mouth of a tunnel. All was silent, and a feeling of awe stole over the brave girl's heart. She was about to proceed on her way when the figure of a man stepped out into the road before her. She gave a slight scream, but controlled herself, and looked almost fearlessly into the stranger's eyes. She apprehended little danger, for she felt sure that several of her uncle's band were near, as they always met her on her return to the camp.

"Be not alarmed, sweet lady," said the man, who was young, elegantly formed, and so far as could be seen in the dim light, of singularly handsome face.

"I would not harm you, as I trust my looks denote, and I, like you, am aware that your companions are nigh. You are on your way to Gregorio's camp, are you not?"

The maiden's face paled with apprehension, while at the same time her heart thrilled with admiration. The stranger's voice was sweet and its tones respectful, and his face was very fair.

"You are bold; I cannot answer you," she said. "Let me pass on my way."

"Willingly," he responded; "and I will accompany you, with your permission."

"You! Whither!"

"To the camp of the brigand chief. I desire to become one of your number."

The maiden's bosom filled with a great and sudden joy. She had already in that brief interview felt the tender but powerful touch of love.

"I know you," the youth continued. "I have seen you when you knew it not. You have been the bearer of communications to Gregorio; you are on your way to him again with information of the movements of his enemies against him. Is it not so?"

His voice was gentle, his look smiling, but Theodosia was now indeed terrified; fear overcame for the time every other emotion.

"I cannot harm you," again spoke the handsome stranger. "I am in the power of your friends. See! they already approach."

The maiden looked, and to her relief saw the forms of three or four of her uncle's band coming hastily toward her, alarmed at seeing her in the presence of an unknown person. They made demonstrations of offence, but at Theodosia's command did not attempt to harm the youth, merely taking him into custody and disarming him of his sword and pistols. He made no resistance, saying it was his desire to go with them to their chief, as he wished, with Gregorio's permission, to join the band. Such an accession to their force was not unusual, and so without much questioning or suspicion the party proceeded on their way toward the brigand's rendezvous.

We must now go back some days and show how it was that the handsome young stranger came to be waiting at the Martean entrance of the forest to join Theodosia on her way to the camp.

CHAPTER II.

THE PLOT.

Mustapha Pacha, governor of the province of Macedonia, was alone in his state-quarters pondering the subject of Gregorio's depredations, and his evasion of those who had been sent to annihilate him and his band. The viceroy was sorely tried in the matter. Plans that had been formed in consultation with others had availed nothing, and he began to fear the displeasure of his sovereign if he longer failed to check the ravages of the bold and powerful chief. After deep and continued thought, with a look of decision and satisfaction showing in his face, he exclaimed:

"I have a plan of my own. All others have come to naught, but with the aid of a single person—if I can induce him to serve, I will exterminate this lordly Michael and his followers before another summer."

He called an attendant. The servant came.

"Go to the barracks and say to Lieutenant Marouf that I desire to see him immediately," commanded Mustapha.

The attendant bowed and departed. In a short time the officer for whom the governor had sent made his appearance. His name was Ismael Marouf, and he was one of the viceroy's youngest but most trusted and valuable lieutenants. His personal beauty was remarkable. He was slightly above the medium height, his figure a model of manly grace. His eyes were dark and amorous, his complexion a clear olive, his hair abundant, dark, and wavy, and the expression of his countenance at once proud and pleasing.

"I have sent for you, Lieutenant Marouf," said the governor, after the usual exchange of courtesies, "to engage you in a difficult and delicate undertaking. You are the only person known to me that I feel would succeed in the enterprise I am about to propose. You know well that Gregorio, the brigand chief, has given us a deal of trouble and is still uncaught to give us more. It seems impossible to obtain a knowledge of his movements in time to thwart them, while he is informed of ours from the very moment orders are issued. But I have plotted to destroy him. Listen. You have seen the beautiful Albanian girl at Mielnik."

The lieutenant well remembered her.

"She is, as I have recently discovered, acquainted with the brigand leader, and no doubt in secret communication with his band. I have thought of having her seized and examined, but it would do no good. She would die before betraying her friends. I propose, Lieutenant Marouf, that you appear to desert to the brigands; you are handsome."

The young man blushed with slight embarrassment.

"You are handsome," repeated his superior; "you can gain this girl's confidence and affection, and through her obtain such knowledge of the freebooters as will lead to their destruction. Will you do this?"

The young officer hesitated, but seeing that the viceroy frowned with displeasure, he yielded.

"I promise," he said.

"You must do more than that; you must swear it." Marouf again hesitated.

"What is a girl's love?" asked Mustapha, contemptuously. "You fear not the danger. Your reward if you succeed shall be large."

"I swear it," said the young man.

"By your most sacred oath?" demanded the governor.

"I do. When shall I proceed on my mission?"

"Almost immediately. The girl shall be watched, and when she sets out for the mountains, you shall join her on the way and go with her to the robbers' rendezvous. It is a simple undertaking after all, though requiring such tact as you alone possess. When the work is done the Sultan shall hear well of you, and I myself will advance you at once."

Flattered, and filled with the hope of distinguished favor and promotion, Ismael withdrew from the presence of the pacha to await his opportunity to join the Albanian maiden on her way to the camp. This was accomplished as we have seen. But if he could have foreseen the dreadful and unexpected ending of his deception, he would have stopped even there in the forest and died rather than take another step. He was not so wily as Mustapha or he would not have solemnly sworn to do this cruel thing.

CHAPTER III.

THE BRIGANDS' CAMP.

Ismael, Theodosia and the brigands proceeded on their way through the forest. It was very dark, and the men kept their hands upon the youth, fearing he might attempt to escape. But he had no intention of leaving them; he was resolved at every risk to undertake in full his perilous enterprise. Proceeding a mile or two, from a denser covert than the surrounding forest formed, a signal was given as they approached, and being answered, they halted, while from the shadows came several men, leading horses, which were placed at the disposal of the new comers. They mounted and went more rapidly on their way. After riding a league, they turned abruptly from the main road, and struck into the forest to their left. Here they made slower progress, for the way was difficult, but the men seemed familiar with the place. They moved steadily forward, and in a short time a rougher, but more open tract was reached. Over this they passed, and then, by a winding way, commenced the ascent of what was the side of a mountain or a high hill. We need not follow them closely on their route; after an hour, from a narrow and tortuous path they emerged on what appeared to be a limited plateau, surrounded on all sides by craggy rock and frowning forest. Here a strange scene met the view of Marouf—the others had beheld it before. A force of at least five hundred brigands—Gregorio's main command—was encamped on this guarded and elevated area. The light of many camp-fires shone luridly around, and by the side of each moved or sat or reclined the picturesque figures of the freebooters. They were a wild and desperate horde; outlaws, on the head of each of whom was set a price; against whom the government had turned in vain its disciplined troops, exasperated by their long defiance of its power.

The little party were conducted at once to the centre of the encampment—to the quarters of the famous chief. He was reclining on a luxurious couch—no doubt the property of some wealthy subject of the Sultan—but hearing their approach, and recognizing his niece, he arose and embraced her warmly.

"Welcome again to our mountain fastness. The men have missed you, Theo. You are the light of their hearts, the strength of their arms. Without you we would be weak. What news do you bring us from the town?"

The beautiful girl, radiant in the delight his greeting had caused her, put her sweet lips close to his ear, and whispered a few rapid words in an unknown language. The chieftain turned to an attendant and bade him call Gheraxi.

"And now whom have we here?" demanded Gregorio, addressing Lieutenant Marouf, who had been looking with emotion on this singular scene. Theodosia trembled slightly at the fierceness of her uncle's manner, and then startled with admiration, as turning to the young man, she saw by the light of the fire that cast its reflection on his face, how strangely handsome he was.

"My name is Marouf—Ismael Marouf," said he. "I have been a lieutenant in the viceroy's service, but have come to join your band."

"As a spy? as a traitor?" questioned the chieftain, fiercely. "We have had such recruits, but the wolves have gnawed their bones; the ravens have pecked at their swinging bodies." Ismael looked firm, but was silent. "Your words are few and plain," continued Gregorio, "and you look like one to be of service to us; only too handsome, too handsome," he murmured to himself, thinking of Theo. "We will try you; do not attempt to escape. A bullet will reach your heart the moment you turn your steps in flight toward the capital. Go now with Suda to your rest. He will provide for you, and to-morrow will begin your month of probation. To-night you are a prisoner." He motioned them away, and then turned to Gheraxi, his chief lieutenant, who had arrived and was waiting his superior's commands. He gave him a few directions respecting additional caution to guard against surprise, and then taking a good-night kiss of Theodosia, he returned to his couch. The maiden retired to luxurious quarters near her uncle's, where under the care of an old companion greatly resembling Thracia, she prepared herself for slumber. Soon all the camp fires were extinguished, and darkness and silence settled over the scene. But vigilant eyes were watching at every pass and far along the lonely way that led to the forest and the capital.

The next morning the camp presented a different, though not less picturesque appearance. All was bustle and animation. Men were hurrying to and fro, their bright arms and brilliantly colored costumes shining in the clear mountain light; horses were neighing and prancing, and everything betokened a general movement of the band. Led by Gregorio himself, the greater part of the force, leaving a sufficient number to guard their stronghold—which was only one of several possessed by the freebooters, who numbered in all nearly a thousand men—was to make a descent into the rich valley of Thermaea. Ismael and Theodosia were to be left behind, the former under surveillance, though he was to have his freedom and the maiden's society. A new idea had occurred to the chief in the morning. Seeing Ismael again, he was so struck with his beauty and noble bearing that he conceived that if the young man were to become attached to his niece it would bind him to them permanently in good faith, whatever might be his designs at present. The youth was very handsome, and the two would make a noble and beautiful couple. Theodosia was his niece; he had no child of his own; Ismael should marry her and become his successor if he proved worthy. The old chief was highly pleased with these reflections, and speaking a few gracious words to Marouf and many loving ones to Theo, he headed his band, and the wild army defiled down the mountain path.

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE—THE WOLVES.

They were alone—those two beautiful and physically perfect beings. A strange, bewildering joy was in the maiden's heart. Already she loved, though she knew no name for her happiness. Ismael was also moved, but he remembered his mission and his oath, and unconscious of his companion's feelings and of his own, declared to himself his determination to do the part assigned him. Theodosia should never suffer, but the freebooters must be scourged and annihilated.

"And you are the niece of the famous chief?" he said to the young girl, after she had been speaking to him of the charms of their errant and adventurous life.

"I am," replied the maiden, proudly, for to sustain that relation to Gregorio, was, she thought, as much as to be a princess. Ismael too regarded the connection as honorable, for he had already come to like and admire the stern old brigand, who was famed and feared so widely in the land.

The daughter of a former Greek officer of state and the niece of Michael Gregorio she was of no mean descent. Yet Ismael thought not of marriage nor even of love. The day passed quickly and pleasantly; another and another, till at last the month was gone, and the young man was an accepted member of the band. And at the end of this time, though he would not acknowledge it, even to himself, Marouf was the lover of the beautiful mountain maid. He had won his way into the hearts of all. His courage and manliness had gained him the favor of the men, and their leader was delighted to see the apparent progress of matters toward the end desired. But all the while Ismael was carefully studying the position of the brigands' strongholds, learning the correct number of their men, their periods and places of muster; and such other facts as would lead to their extermination when communicated to the Turkish governor. But an event was about to occur that showed him how great and real was his love for Theodosia and how painful and perplexing his position was.

It was near the close of a bright day in October. The lovers, for such, though unconfessed, they were, had been taking a ride and a ramble some miles in the rear of the plateau described.

They had dismounted and tied their horses, and wandered toward a spring whose gentle tricklings they could hear and see, but could not reach on horseback. They were in a dense and doubly solitary part of the forest. They idled along toward the wild, sweet water, not that they desired to drink, for they were not thirsty, but only to find the source of the spring that dripped its coolness on the rocks below.

"You are sad to-day, Ismael," spoke the maiden, as she looked with love's timidity into his eyes. "What is it that troubles you? Do you weary of our mountain life and long to return to the stifling town?"

"Nay, not so, dear Theo," replied the youth, who was beginning to realize how great his love for her had grown to be. And with this came the terrible remembrance of the deed he had sworn to perform. The time was now near for final action. He had obtained through Theodosia, his own observation, and in fact from the chief himself, all that was needed to bring the troops upon the band. A general muster of the brigands was to be held on the first day of the following month in the forest of Pheloidos. He must get intelligence of this proposed assembly to Mustapha Pacha within a few days. Yet now he began to feel the power of his love for the beautiful girl at his side. He could not leave the camp without her, except for the short period it would be necessary for him to absent himself to communicate with the viceroy. No wonder he was sad and perplexed, and that the maiden observed it.

"No, Theo," he continued. "I cannot think of leaving you." He gazed tenderly into her innocent face. He was about to speak further, and the words would have been a declaration of his passion, but at that moment a dreadful cry—a howl—echoed through the forest, and the lovers started in alarm. The howl was repeated, nearer and more savagely.

"The wolves! the wolves!" exclaimed Marouf in terror. "Hasten, Theo, or we are lost!"

He caught her by the arm and hurried toward the horses; when they came in sight of the poor beasts, they saw that one had broken loose and was flying up the mountain, pursued by a score of huge and howling wolves, while others had fastened upon the remaining animal, which had also snapped his fastening, but not in time to escape.

"Allah, preserve us!" cried Ismael, as he saw the terrible sight. "Quick, Theo! to yonder tree!"

He lifted her to the branches, and sprang up just in time to save himself from the fangs of the savage brutes, which had discovered the two and started for them.

"Cling to the branches, Theo, while I use my pistols upon the bloody pack. Oh, our poor horses," he cried in anguish, as he fired at the nearest monster and brought him to the ground. There he lay, uncovered by his fellows, for they were not sufficiently famished to eat their own kind. Shot after shot he fired, every one taking effect—and at last the wolves were driven from under the tree, gathering around the bones of the horse.

"We are safe for the time, Theo," said Ismael, clasping her to his breast. "I must not lose you now, my sweet one, for you are more to me than my own life. I love you, Theo—and if ever we escape, you must be my bride. Will you not?" he asked, forgetting everything but his love.

Her look of joy was sufficient answer. He knew, as indeed he had long known, her heart was his; but he had not fully felt till now how very dear she was to him. Then, clouding his happiness, came the recollection of his oath and his treacherous mission. He almost wished that, since Theodosia now knew of his love, they could die together, and his terrible perplexity would be ended.

They remained in the tree for some hours; night was falling, and their situation became still more unpleasant. At last, just as their weariness, arising from their uncomfortable position, was becoming almost insupportable, and they began to think of descending, they heard the shouts of men and saw the gleam of torches through the leaves and darkness. The one horse had escaped, reaching the encampment; and in great alarm, fearing the worst, several members of the band had started immediately in search of the absent ones.

"Here, Salnio, here!" shouted Ismael, recognising the voice of the leader. "We are safe—but thank Allah devoutly that you have come."

A cry of joy burst from the men as they heard the call of their young companion. They hastened to the tree. Marouf descended, tenderly assisting Theodosia—and in a short time the party were returning to the camp. The young man as he went along was both happy and miserable—glad in the thought of Theo's love, wretched as he remembered what he had sworn to do. The old chief received the lovers with gratitude and gladness; and Ismael was doubly pained as he saw with what affection he was regarded by Gregorio. How must this kindness be repaid? What must be the return for this trust and protection? These were the questions that in perplexity and almost anguish the young man continually asked himself.

He could but inform the chieftain of his love for his beautiful niece, and as he anticipated, Gregorio, with gladness, blessed him and told him how he rejoiced at this result. As for Theodosia she was supremely happy, though at times she observed her lover's sadness; questioning him as to the cause, she received only tender and assuring answers. The time for the consummation of his treachery—he could call it nothing else—was rapidly approaching, and in a day or two he must contrive to get word to Mustapha Pacha of the intended muster of the brigands in the forest of Pheloidos.

CHAPTER V.

THE VICEROY IS INFORMED.

Three days after their adventure with the wolves, Ismael proposed to Theodosia that they should ride again—this time in another direction. Obtaining the old chief's permission, given with a word of warning not to go too far, the lovers, one beautiful and happy, the other, handsome and at heart wretched, set off down the mountain road toward the forest of Salonics.

The young man had resolved on his part. He would inform the governor of the opportunity that would shortly offer for the destruction of the band, whereby, as he endeavored to assure himself, he would be rendering the country a great service, though it pained him fearfully to proceed thus against the uncle of his betrothed. Should Gregorio be captured, he would intercede and endeavor to save his life. With Theodosia, he would retire to his own country; and their mutual love he felt would be sufficient for their happiness, though at first it was to be expected the maiden would be disconsolate and perhaps reproachful. But he determined, if possible, to conceal his part in the proceedings from her. Remembering his solemn oath, the young man saw no other way to relieve himself of his terrible responsibility.

They rode down the mountain path, on their young faces the flush of health, in their young hearts the joy of love. A beautiful picture they formed, there in that lonely wild—the timid, gentle maiden, and the strangely-handsome youth.

Reaching the forest level, a wild gallop of an hour brought them near the Martean entrance. Pausing, Theodosia said—

"Have we not ventured too far, Ismael? There may be danger—danger to you, should any of your former associates approach us. Let us return," a sudden chill of apprehension sweeping over her.

"Nay, my sweet one, we need not fear. Our horses are fleet, and can carry us from any enemy. Can you not, Selim?" said Marouf, patting the neck of his noble animal.

"Selim is swift, and so is Eudo," spoke Theodosia, also caressing her steed, "but we should not linger long nevertheless."

"Nor will we, Theo. Let us dismount for a short period, and then we will return."

Ismael alighted and assisted his companion to dismount, and the two seated themselves at the mossy foot of an enormous oak, distinguished from the surrounding trees both by its great size and peculiar form. After extending to a considerable height perpendicularly, it forked into two exactly similar parts, forming as it were two separate trees growing from the main trunk. Marouf had dismounted at this spot for particular reasons. By previous arrangement it was agreed with the viceroy that all information relating to the brigands, if it could not be delivered in person, which was hardly possible, was to be written out and placed under a stone at the foot of the gigantic double oak at the Martean entrance of the forest. Taking from his pocket a manuscript, in cypher, while Theodosia's attention was for a moment engaged in another direction, Ismael surreptitiously deposited it under a flat stone, unobserved by the young girl. His object accomplished, he said:

"Let us mount and return, my darling; it is growing late." He felt that he was acting a traitor's part, but he justified himself as best he could. Could he have foreseen the consequences of his act, he might perhaps have violated his oath and joined his fortunes for life with Gregorio.

"Yes, let us hasten," said Theodosia in reply to her lover's words. "Do I not hear the sound of approaching horsemen?"

In haste they mounted, and were hardly in the saddle before the evidence of the approach of rapid riders became unmistakable. The maiden trembled with terror as they gave the rein to their steeds, and set off at a furious gallop toward the camp.

"Fear not, we are safe, though pursuers are doubtless on our track," said Ismael. "See!" he exclaimed, turning in the saddle, "they are coming. Now Selim; now Eudo!"

The beautiful animals, as if knowing what was required of them, flew faster along the shadowy way, and forgetting her fear in the glorious excitement of the ride, Theodosia, her hair floating in the breeze and her eyes flashing with a joyous light, looked like some beautiful forest Spirit as she urged on her gallant steed.

A shot from a carbine was fired toward them, but it fell far short; and seeing that there was no hope of capturing the two, the pursuers abandoned the chase. They were some of the pacha's men, and before returning, they searched under the aged oak and found the mysterious manuscript, which was at once delivered to the viceroy.

The lovers reached the stronghold of the freebooters in safety, and Marouf began to count the days which would intervene between the present and the period for the consummation of the pacha's plot. They were few, and as the time approached he trembled as he thought of the fearful work that would soon be done.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MUSTER AND THE SURPRISE.

On the appointed day the different bands of the freebooters' organization gathered for a general muster, review and council in the forest of Pheloidos.

"You will accompany us, Ismael?" said Gregorio, as early on the morning of that lovely day he prepared his men for the march to the rendezvous.

"I will," returned Marouf, though the tones of his voice were so strange and hollow that the chief looked at him a moment in surprise.

"Theodosia will go—she is always present on such occasions; she is worth a hundred men herself, she has such influence on the others."

"Aye!" cried the youth in admiration as his beautiful betrothed approached, her face beaming with new pleasure as she thought of the grand assembly she in company with her lover was soon to witness. She had looked forward with pride and eagerness to the day, for Ismael had never beheld the united forces of the brigands, and she was anxious that he should look upon the wild and warlike array. How different were his own feelings respecting the same occasion!

Leaving a few to guard their stronghold, the greater number of the brigands were soon on their way to the place of muster. Headed by their trusted chief they marched briskly forward by paths to them familiar, though to others unknown, till they reached the borders of the forest. Pursuing their way directly toward its centre, they came at last to an open space, where a wild and beautiful spectacle was presented to the vision of Ismael. The sun shone in an unclouded sky, and its rays fell upon the burnished arms and brilliant costumes of a thousand mountaineers. Hundreds of noble horses were prancing about, caparisoned in their richest and brightest trappings, their wild-looking riders plumed and scarfed in the gayest colors. As the old chief with his followers entered the arena, a shout of welcome went up from those already assembled, which rose to a frenzy of enthusiasm and delight as they beheld the beautiful and beloved Theodosia—their maiden queen—for such, except in name, she was. As the handsome youth by her side they gazed with challenging looks, until he was presented to them by Gregorio as the betrothed lover of his niece. Then warmer glances were cast toward him, changing soon to looks of admiration as they observed the gallant bearing of the youth and his devotion to their adored young mistress.

It was noon. Around a shaded stand in the centre of the arena were gathered the various bands, each in its proper position. Theodosia and Ismael were with the chief under the green canopy, witnessing the movements of the men, who had now began to pass in review. The young man was ill at ease; on his brow was a look of agony and apprehension, and his appearance had already attracted the attention of the keen-eyed Gregorio. Yet he did not as yet mistrust him.

"There goes our most famous and daring band," said Michael, pointing to a number of the brigands, more wild and desperate-looking, if possible, than the others.

"Who is their leader?" inquired Marouf, noticing particularly the figure of their chief, nearly seven feet in height, and magnificently proportioned.

"Gherundaxi. He is—"

The speaker's words were cut short by a sudden commotion in the array, and a terrific discharge of firearms from every quarter of the surrounding forest. At the same moment a charge was made upon the freebooters, and a second volley was poured upon them by their assailants.

"We are discovered—betrayed!" shouted Gregorio, springing from the elevated seat, and calling on his men to fight till the last.

A scene of the most terrible strife and confusion followed. Taken at such a fearful disadvantage and overwhelmed by the numbers of the government troops, the brigands still made a most desperate and heroic resistance, knowing that if captured, ignominious execution would be their fate. They preferred death on the field to such an alternative, and every man fought with no thought of yielding while life remained. Fully one-fifth of the freebooters fell before they had recovered from their surprise sufficiently to return with effect the fire of their enemies. Driven from every quarter, the concentrated volleys of the troops told fearfully upon them. A sabre-stroke clove the head of Gregorio, as the brave old chief was fighting in the very front. He was indeed a leader. Enraged at his death, his followers attacked the troops with such desperation that the latter, numerous as they were, for a moment gave way at one place, but recovering drove the brigands back with fearful loss. Forced closer together, the desperadoes received volley after volley from the muskets and carbines of the troops, till at last scarcely a dozen of them remained alive. Refusing to surrender, these too were shot down, and the work of slaughter and extermination was complete. A few of the brigands escaped at the beginning of the battle—or massacre rather—but were afterwards captured, taken to the citadel of Thessalonica, and there executed. Fully nine hundred of the organization were killed, even the wounded resisting till bullet or sabre placed them with the majority. Where was Ismael? where Theodosia?

CHAPTER VII.

A SAD CONCLUSION.

After the slaughter had ceased a search of the field revealed the gory form of Gregorio, lying under those of several of his enemies. Near him, his breast pierced by a musket ball, lay the body of the unfortunate Ismael—*dead*. He had joined the brigands in their hopeless defence, and had been struck down early in the fray. With the greatest sorrow, Mustapha Pacha, who knew it was to him he owed his bloody victory, caused the body of the brave and handsome youth—his wonderful beauty showing even in death—to be removed to the capital, where it was interred with the full honors of war.

Alas! for Theodosia! Here was a sadder fate. No kindly bullet had pierced her breast, no merciful sabre-stroke had cloven her beautiful head. White and senseless she was found, lying by the form of one of her uncle's faithful followers, who in his dying moments had sought to protect her from the thick-flying missiles of death. She revived after a time. She was carried to the shade of the stand on which with such pride she had lately sat. On it the dead body of her lover had been placed. She recognized it. She had at the commencement of the massacre suspected his treachery; but she loved him still. With a cry of such plaintive and despairing grief, that those who heard it shuddered at the agony of the sound, she threw herself on the beautiful but gory form. Her heart was broken, her reason was overthrown. She did not die, though all but her physical life was gone. Mustapha ordered her to be taken to his own palace, and afforded her every attention that could ameliorate her condition. Old Thracia, who, it was suspected, could best minister to her, was summoned, but to the faithful creature's anguish, she knew her not. Deeper and deeper into nothingness she sank, till at last the good deliverer, Death, came unto her, and the beautiful and miserable maiden was released from her unconscious woe. Thus at such a fearful cost and by such fearful means were the formidable Gregorio and his followers overcome, and the vales and villages of Macedonia were vexed and plundered no more by the ruthless mountaineers.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR of "Joyce Dormer's Story."

CHAPTER XXI.

JASPER ADVANCES A PAWN.

As Charles Stanfield had observed, he was not a good shot, neither did he care about shooting; and to-day he was more than usually indifferent. Therefore, when Jasper—who had unaccountably missed his bird more than once—proposed that they should turn their steps towards the Manor House, he acquiesced very cheerfully.

Jasper's hand was not steady this morning, and, under ordinary circumstances, his want of success would have annoyed him; but to-day, to the surprise of the keepers, he bore it stoically, and neither found fault with his gun, the dogs, nor with the keepers themselves.

The fact was, his mind was soaring above minor annoyances. Hope was burning with a stronger flame than it had done for some time; for even if there should be no actual truth in the captain's statements, he saw in it the base of a new element to work upon. Jasper was a consummate diplomatist, when he gave himself up coolly and deliberately to working out any project; he was able not only to control his passionate temperament, but also to make it subservient to his purposes.

He was thoroughly determined to prevent the engagement of John Carteret with Diana from coming to anything; but, unlike his mother, he pursued his plans deliberately, and with judgment. With Mrs. Seaton, Diana was continually on the defensive; with Jasper, she was off her guard. Nay, Jasper had even made headway in her regard, if not in her affection; and that he stood well with her, and must do so—without any suspicion—was, as he well knew, a very important point.

So far, he had succeeded. He had deferred the marriage almost indefinitely—for there was little chance of John Carteret's having anything better than a curacy for some time to come—and time was everything to Jasper; especially as he was continually with Diana, and could work upon her feelings, and turn to his own advantage any circumstances that might arise.

He had cautiously sifted Charles Stanfield's knowledge upon the subject of Miss Wardlaw, but had obtained no decisive information upon the point. Charles Stanfield simply knew that Miss Wardlaw was a great friend of Lady Peckford's, and constantly at her house; and that it was the current gossip of Linthorp that Lady Peckford would not object to a match between the heiress and her relative.

Scanty as was the information, it was sufficient for Jasper. Indeed, it was better than knowing more—as more might have made it unsatisfactory. It was very much better not to probe too deeply, lest the roots might be altogether destroyed.

Charles Stanfield was not aware that he was giving information, still less that he was giving it to injure the only girl who had ever caused him to think again of her, or who had interested him in any way.

"Di is a little tired to-day," said Jasper, on the way to the house. "She is not used to visiting, and last night was a wonderful gathering for Broadmead—quite an excitement. My mother is not fit for anything; and Di looks very tired."

Charles Stanfield did not quite like the constant repetition of the "Di." There was a protecting and almost lover-like tone about it that augured Diana's relation to Jasper Seaton; though, at the same time, it might be accounted for by the fact of the guardianship.

"Perhaps Miss Ellis exerted herself too much for our entertainment. My father was delighted; and the Italian gentleman he cannot forget."

"Di will be charmed to hear it," answered Jasper. "I believe her *maestro* has almost the first place in her estimation."

And Charles Stanfield, acting on the hint, had the satisfaction of seeing Diana's pale face flush with a warmer color as she listened to the praises of her friend; and she exerted herself to play the hostess graciously, in the absence of Mrs. Seaton. Jasper's words, too, appeared to her to have a double meaning, and had given her fresh courage.

"I shall hope to see Broadmead again," said Charles Stanfield on leaving.

"Oh, yes, I hope you will. You must come in the summer, and we can show you everything. And my godfather—it is like finding a new relative," said Diana, raising her eyes dreamily, and letting them fall again, as she found the dark blue eyes—whose awakening Lady Peckford had so much dreaded—looking very earnestly into hers.

"My father is very sorry he will not see you again. He will not be home from Creigeton until late, and we start for town the first thing in the morning."

"Will you tell him I am very sorry, too?" said Diana. And then remembering her speech to Jasper, she blushed, for it seemed almost as if she were beginning to be insincere. "Will you say, I am glad that he is my godfather?"

And then she blushed again, for her speech sounded very stupid to her, and she was afraid that Charles Stanfield would think it very stupid too.

But he did not; indeed, there was something that pleased him in it, and a slight flush came into his face as he said—

"Thank you! My father is one of the best men living."

"I am sure he is. And we shall see you again—you promise it?" asked Diana, as Charles was going away.

"Certainly," he replied, with a little more warmth than perhaps was necessary.

"I like Mr. Stanfield, Jasper," said Diana after he had gone.

"Take care, Di," said Jasper, smiling. I am afraid you will take to flirting."

"Oh, Jasper! There is not the slightest danger."

And then Signora Neri's caution flashed upon her, and she recalled Charles Stanfield's look. No, it was not possible—she must be so inferior to the people that he would meet with. And yet—what nonsense—yet—and her mind began to fill with womanly perplexities, which soon faded away in the greater perplexity that was pressing on her heart.

"Jasper," she said, "tell me—is this true?"

"I don't know."

"But you believe it?" she said, in so quiet a tone, that Jasper looked down in surprise. She was not like the impulsive, impetuous Di that she used to be.

"I don't know what I believe, and what I don't. So much may be made out of a very little; and all that you can do is to suspend

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUG. 19, 1871.

Manufacture of Knives.

Few people, says the Mining Journal, have any idea through what a number of hands their pocket-knives have passed in the process of manufacture. A bar of steel destined to furnish a number of blades is heated to redness. A length is cut off, and the forger speedily "moods" this—that is, shapes it roughly into the form of a pocket-knife blade. Another heating is then required to fit the end for being fashioned into the tang, and yet another before it can undergo the further operation of "smithing," the last stage of which is the stamping of the mark of the thumb nail to facilitate opening. The tang is then ground and the blade marked with the name of the firm. The slight bulge on the reverse side caused by this operation is removed by fire or the grindstone. This blade is then hardened by heating it to redness and then plunging it into water up to the tang. The tempering process follows next, the bluish-yellow tint being considered as indicating that the proper degree of heat at which to immerse the blade once more in cold water has been attained. After this the various kinds of blades are classified in the warehouse, and undergo sundry grinding operations to fit them for being hafted. Twelve distinct processes have by this time been gone through, and many more are necessary before the knife is completely finished, although the number of hands which it has now to pass through depends in a great measure on the finish to be given to the handle, according to the quality of the blades with which it is fitted, and the price which the completed article is intended to realize.

Teeth Mounted Upon Block-tin.

Professor George F. Barker communicates to us the following statement:—"A set of upper teeth was brought to me from a neighboring town the other day for examination. They were mounted on a metal plate, and had been worn in the mouth since May last. The person's health had been excellent up to that time; but within a month or two thereafter it began to fail, until now the person is confined to bed. Upon analysis, the metal plate was found to be essentially block-tin, but it contained *lead* in quite considerable amount. It was quite rough upon the surface, and appeared considerably corroded. I should mention that the physician in attendance pronounced the disease abscess of the liver; but thinking the plate might have had something, directly or indirectly, to do with the illness, he desired to have it examined. I am persuaded that the case is one of lead-poisoning; and yet I never knew before that teeth were mounted on block-tin."—*American Chemist.*

Character is Power.

It is often said that knowledge is power, and this is true. Skill or faculty of any kind carries with it superiority. So, to a certain extent, wealth is power, and genius has a transcendant gift of mastery over men. But higher, purer, better than all, more constant in its influence, more lasting in its sway, is the power of character—that power which emanates from a pure and lofty mind.

Take any community, who is the man of most influence? To whom do all look up with reverence? Not the "smartest" man, not the cleverest politician, nor the most brilliant talker, but he who in a long course of years, tried by the extremes of prosperity and adversity, has proved himself to the judgment of his neighbors, and of all who have seen his life, as worthy to be called wise and good.

☞ ENERGY AND VICTORY.—The longer I live the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powful, the great and the insignificant, is energy—invincible determination. A purpose once fixed, and then, death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it.—*Buxton.*

☞ An unprovoked attack made by a Detroit man upon an inoffensive goat, resulted in a victory for William in one round, and a permanent stomach-ache for the attacking party.

☞ It is stated that the wedding-ring used at the marriage of Miss Swan, the Nova Scotia giantess, was about the size of a muffin-ring.

your judgment untill the accusation is clearly proved. You must hold Mr. Carteret guiltless, until there is something more definite than anything I have heard."

"You are making a long speech to deceive me, Jasper," she said, tossing back the long curl that had fallen forward, and gazing intently at him.

"I wish you to think the best of Mr. Carteret, Di."

"Nonsense," she said, impatiently. "You know I can't bear suspense. Why can't you tell me at once, Jasper?"

And she drew nearer to him, and clutched his arm nervously, so that it actually gave him pain—her fingers seemed to close like iron upon it.

"You are very cruel, Jasper," she said.

"Cruel, Di? I would do anything in the world for you—you know I would."

And his voice sank almost to a whisper—a sweet, low whisper, that he had sometimes soothed her with as a child.

"I don't intend to be ungrateful, Jasper," she replied; "it is only that I do want to know what you have heard."

"I have heard very little."

"You have heard something that you don't like!"

"Perhaps so," returned Jasper, half moved in a truthful direction—for he was by no means satisfied by what he had heard—it was too little, too vague.

Her grasp upon his arm did not relax; and though it gave him pain, at the same time he felt a pleasurable sensation. He was, perhaps, more to her than she was aware of, in spite of John Carteret. She relied upon him—she confided in him. Might she not in time do much more than this?

"I have heard nothing but what is extremely vague—so vague that one cannot possibly unravel it. Lady Pechford, it appears, is thinking of something of the sort; but then, what have Lady Pechford's wishes to do with the matter?"

"Much," thought Diana, remembering the terms in which John Carteret had spoken of her.

"Mr. Carteret did not seem to care for money. I should not have thought that he would be tempted by riches," said Jasper, half in soliloquy.

"Is she very rich, Jasper?"

"Yes—that is, she will be very rich—quite an heiress. Her father is a man of good property. With some men in Mr. Carteret's circumstances, this would be an insuperable bar. Why not in this case? Besides, heiresses do not generally care for poor men."

"But all men are not like John Carteret," mused Diana. She would not have weighed riches in the scale against him; or, having weighed them, would have found them light as a feather.

She stood silent for some time; then again she asked—

"Jasper, do you believe it?"

And again he answered—

"I don't know what I believe." And then he added, "Have you heard from Mr. Carteret lately?"

"No."

"Are you going to write to him?" he continued.

"Not now," said Diana. "How could I? I could not ask him about it now."

"No, Di! I do not think you could; but I could ask, and I suppose it is my duty to do so."

"Never, Jasper! never!" exclaimed Diana, vehemently. "You shall never do that. I can wait—I must wait. If it is not true, I could tell him afterwards; but, if it is true, nothing shall ever be said."

"That is right, Di. You must do as I said at first—you must wait. You must not lose faith until this is clearly proved. It may be all false, in spite of the apparent truth of Captain Stanfield's testimony."

"And of Mr. Stanfield's?"

Jasper hesitated.

"People may be easily mistaken. Where is your faith, Di?"

Faith! And then she recollected John Carteret's parting words, "Could she believe him through everything? It would be very difficult."

But she had not looked forward to anything like this; and, since the thunder-storm, he had not written. Everything was in favor of the truth of what she had heard.

"Di," said Jasper, taking her hand, "you must be a patient child for a little time. You must not condemn until you have further proof. You must wait, Di."

"Oh, Jasper, Jasper!—what should I do without you?" said Diana.

For Jasper had gained ground. He had pleaded, so Diana thought, against his own convictions, in order to do justice to John Carteret, whom she knew he distrusted; and yet, while distrusting him, he was willing to give him every advantage. There was something noble in Jasper, after all. It must be Anne's death that had brought the change about, for it was only since Madame de Mouline's death that there had been such a marked improvement.

And Jasper? He almost knew what was passing in Diana's mind; and he smiled bitterly as he thought how she was mistaken. If she could but read the depths of his heart aright, what would she say to the passionate love that was burning there? If she could only have surmised that he was but playing a part in the drama he had sketched out; that he had finished the first act; that he had sown the seed of distrust in her heart—to grow, perhaps, into wider, deeper distrust; that the one object he had in view was to sever the ties that bound her to John Carteret, to undermine her faith—for she did not understand that it was Jasper himself who had led her to doubt! Had it not been for the influence that he insidiously exerted over her, she would have laughed at the reports from Linthorp, as unworthy a moment's credence.

"If it were not so late, and quite dusk, I believe the best thing for you would be a walk. You haven't been out to-day."

"I should like it above everything," she replied.

"Put on your warmest wraps, then, and don't be long: we shall have an hour before dinner."

And so they went through the lanes into the village, where they passed Miss Pyecroft at her garden gate; and she, in great surprise, returned their hurried greeting.

"Of course, it is all off with John Carteret," mused Miss Pyecroft. "That girl has no more stability of character than I expected; though every one thought such a wonderful change has come over her."

And Miss Pyecroft entered the portals of Briarly House, pondering over the fickleness of human nature.

"Thank goodness, said Miss Pyecroft to herself, "I never flirted."

Miss Letty and Miss Sophia, also returning late from a charitable expedition, met Miss Pyecroft descending the staircase.

"It is much too late for you to be out," she observed.

"And we met Jasper and Di going towards Burnwood Heath," answered Miss Letty, breathlessly.

"Did you?" said Miss Pyecroft, calmly, as though it were an ordinary circumstance that did not call for remark.

"What can they want at the station, I wonder?" said Miss Sophia. "Perhaps some one's coming, and they're going to meet the train, and have sent the carriage on. It's just like Di; and Jasper lets her do anything she pleases. A guardian, indeed! It's absurd—it always was."

Jasper and Diana walked quickly on. The road to Burnwood Heath was a good one, and always dry.

Before they had gone far, Dr. Crawford's carriage passed them. Jasper had not calculated the time of the trains amiss. If they went on half a mile farther, the carriage would repass them on its return.

They walked quietly until they reached the milestone.

"Here we had better turn," he said. "Has the walk done you any good?" For he had not spoken to her, but had left her to pursue her meditations in silence.

"The sharp air is very refreshing," answered Diana.

They walked on without speaking; and were just turning into the village again, when the sound of wheels was heard behind them.

Jasper called out—

"Good-night!"

The coachman drew up.

"Good-night," said Dr. Crawford, putting his head out of the window. "Why, what are you doing here—and Di, too? Won't you get in?"

"No, no—don't stop. Di and I wanted a stroll, so we chose the high road. Drive on," he said to the coachman.

"What is it?" asked Captain Stanfield—who, overcome with the fatigue of the day, had fallen asleep, and was suddenly aroused by the stoppage of the carriage. "Has anything happened?"

"No. I stopped for a moment to speak to Jasper Seaton and Diana. It's an odd time to be out walking. But they're all odd at the Manor House."

"Is my goddaughter engaged to Mr. Seaton?"

"Well, I can't say. One would think so from appearances, but I suppose she's something of a flirt. She had a regular flirtation with the Mr. Carteret you spoke of, when he was here; but it has ended, it seems, in nothing."

"Eh! Carteret? What! You don't mean to say he was flirting here also?"

"He was here for a month or two."

"My dear friend," said Captain Stanfield, "never trust a curate. There's no confidence whatever to be placed in them."

Dr. Crawford laughed.

"You forget that I was a curate myself once."

Captain Stanfield laughed also.

"That's a long time since—I had quite forgotten it."

And Jasper Seaton had made another move. Whether it would do him any good, he was not certain. Still, it might be useful as the plot thickened.

CHAPTER XXII.

A BREAK IN THE CLOUDS.

Mrs. Seaton and Diana had recovered their ruffled equanimity; and Miss Pyecroft's party was a subject that, by tacit consent, was never referred to.

Had Mrs. Seaton been a different sort of woman, Diana would willingly have confessed herself in the wrong; but, had she in the present state of affairs done so, Mrs. Seaton, she knew, would not only misunderstand her, but would assume so much virtue to herself in consequence of the confession, that Diana's equilibrium would be again upset. Therefore, she said nothing; and the matter died away in silence.

Possibly, Jasper had some share in this; for he was aware that no good to his cause was likely to result from his mother's antagonism.

Apart from the ordinary routine of Broadmead life, Diana went on with the new inner life—that was, in time, to make the outer one more perfect. She had not yet learned to blend the two, and her wings were not yet in order for long flights—they were unsteady, and not to be relied upon; so she ascended and descended like other mortals, and did not appear to herself to make much progress.

She had not heard from John Carteret again; and this was very trying to faith and patience, which—though she preached daily in her musings upon the subject—she found more difficult to carry into practice than she had expected. As usual, she had taken her perplexities to the Signora, and the Signora had recommended "Our Lady of the Sorrowful Heart" to her especial consideration. But Diana, though she respected her friend's beliefs, did not derive the same comfort from them that the Signora did; therefore she shook her head—

"It would not help me, Signorina, I am afraid."

Then Signora Neri sighed, saying—

"Ah, *carissima*, you do not know. But I will for you intercede."

"Can't I do something else, Signorina?"

"You can wait."

"That is what Jasper says."

"Mr. Seaton is right."

"He always is now, Signorina. I don't know what has happened to him. I used to think that Jasper was always in the wrong; and now he has grown almost as good as Madame de Mouline was. Perhaps she is watching over him."

Again the Signora shook her head.

"*Carina*, we have each our belief."

"Never mind, Signorina. We are travelling the same road, and we shall not lose sight of one another; for there is a great light that puts out all our minor differences, and will bring us right in the end."

"And Mr. Seaton says wait?"

"Yes. But, Signorina, I am afraid I cannot."

"What is in your heart, *carina*?"

Diana looked up She did not quite understand what her friend meant.

"Is the love fresh, strong; or fades it, *carina*?"

"Signorina!" answered Diana, reproachfully.

"If the love is there, why not the faith?"

"It is only my own heart that I know, Signorina. I can trust that."

Signora Neri fixed an earnest, wistful gaze upon Diana, as though she would penetrate her inmost thoughts.

"Why, then, fear?" she asked.

"Signorina," exclaimed Diana—a new light dawning—"it is so long since I heard from him. If what these people say is not true, he may be ill! I never thought of that."

Signora Neri started. It might be so; for she could not bring herself to distrust John Carteret. There was some reason—some good reason for his silence; and so she had said, "Wait."

"It may be? You think so—I know you do," exclaimed Diana, springing up.

"Where are you going?"

"Home. I must tell Jasper—I must ask him to see for me."

Always Jasper. Signora Neri did not like it. Jasper was not a favorite of hers, and she did not care for his becoming of so much importance to Diana. She herself had no confidence in him; she felt an innate repugnance to him, through some undeveloped instinct; and she had more than once said to her brother, "Giuseppe, it is not right—but I almost hate that man!"

"I shall come and see you to-morrow, Signorina. You always comfort me," said Diana.

And she went away—her heart at the same time heavier and lighter; heavier since a fresh burden was upon it; lighter, because there was a hope of her suspense, at any rate, being removed. She turned into the fields that led towards the Manor House, and there remembered that Jasper was not coming home until afternoon. It was only twelve o'clock now. It would have been wiser, perhaps, to have remained with Signora Neri—the time would pass away much more quickly; and she hesitated whether or not to return. She was more than half inclined to do so; but some irresistible influence seemed to draw her towards the Manor House.

And still engrossed in her meditations—hearing nothing, seeing nothing, heeding nothing, save the murmur in her heart—she pursued her way. Happier? Yes, unaccountably happier! A great calm had fallen upon her; faith was returning. For the sake of her promise to John Carteret, she would have faith. Why had she so failed? Jasper was right. What she had to do was to wait, and to wait patiently.

"I will believe!"

Very earnestly she spoke the words, scarce knowing that she did so. Then, startled by her own voice, she looked round to see if any one were near who might also hear them.

And then she gave a cry of glad surprise—

"John! John!—where have you come from?"

And, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, she was clinging to John Carteret, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Di!—my own Di!" he said. "What is it, darling?"

But Diana could not answer just then; so he let her sob on quietly. He drew her arm within his; and, turning away from the entrance gates that she had nearly reached, walked in the direction of Marshwood. He did not speak until they had walked on for some little distance, and then he asked—

"What are you going to believe so earnestly, Di?"

"Did you hear what I said, John?"

"Of course I did. How could I help it?"

"John, what a long time it is since you have written to me."

"Only a week since."

"A week? I have not heard from you for more than three weeks. I thought you were never going to write to me again. It was so long to wait."

And she looked up at him; and, through the joy that had come into her face, he could read the trouble that had been there in the careworn look that was not to be effaced in a moment.

"My poor Di!" he said, tenderly. "And you were trying to believe in me!"

"Have you been ill, John?"

"No."

Then came a pause. She rather hesitated about her next question. All that Captain Stanfield had said seemed so idle, so little worth, now that John Carteret was beside her, that she was ashamed of having even taken it into consideration. It was blotting itself out so completely, that she seemed to forget the points that had appeared so salient. How could she pain him by letting him know how foolish she had been? What would he think of her? And yet it was not that she so much cared about that, as that she had an instinctive feeling of his high nature being hurt by the idle gossip of Linthorp, that kept her silent; and she only asked—

"Why did you not write again, John?"

"I did write, after my letter of a fortnight since, as I have told you," he answered; "and I wonder you did not receive it, for I posted it myself. The letter before that I am afraid may never have reached the post office, since I foolishly entrusted it to my landlady. But, when no answer came to either, I feared something must be the matter; and I determined to come and see what it was."

"That is better than a letter, John," said Diana, shyly.

John Carteret—though he could not define his doubts, and tried to put them away from him—did not thoroughly trust Jasper Seaton. He knew that, in spite of his outward civility, he disapproved of the marriage; and through Diana's long silence, he began to fear that some adverse influence was at work.

"It was odd to lose two letters in the post It would have explained everything."

Diana rather soliloquized the last words, and John Carteret scarcely heard them—for he was turning over in his mind a strange suspicion that had just darted into it. Yet, surely, Mr. Seaton was too much of a gentleman.

"What are you thinking of, John?"

"I am going to be inquisitorial," he replied, rousing up suddenly.

"Begin, then."

"You thought I was forgetting you, did you not?"

"It was so long since I heard from you," answered Diana, parrying the question.

"Which means yes, Di—though you do not say it. And your faith was ebbing away?"

Yes, her faith had been ebbing away; but how was she going to tell John Carteret, after all the promises she had made—after all her protestations?

But he waited for his answer. Was he vexed? She glanced up, and met the eyes with the same expression they had worn on that first Sunday, looking compassionately and lovingly into hers.

"You lost heart a little, did you not? Faith made itself wings to fly away."

"But it did not fly away, John," said Diana, smiling. "You know I said 'I will believe.'"

"Yes, against inner arguments."

"Are you vexed with me, John?"

"No, darling, it was my fault. I ought to have come sooner."

"I did not know that you thought of coming until Christmas. I did not expect you," she said, in some surprise.

"Perhaps not," he answered.

His manner was a little pre-occupied; and it was evident that something was on his mind.

"You are vexed about something, John?"

"But not with you, Di."

And Diana, reassured, walked on.

"Where are we going, John?"

"Up to the Marshwood Beeches, where the sun goes down. Have you watched it lately?"

"Very often; but not every day, as I used to do. My window does not look to Marshwood, now. If you remember, I told you that I had moved into Madame de Mouline's old rooms; and I have a new piano—and Jasper has made everything so charming that you will be delighted! You cannot think how kind Jasper is. He seems to think nothing too good for me."

Then she was sorry that she had spoken, for a pained look came into John Carteret's face.

She drew nearer to him.

"But, somehow, I like my old *Paradise* better, John. It feels, somehow, nearer to you and to Heaven. I think, to keep near to Heaven, John," she said in a lower tone, "that it is better to be poor."

He looked at her earnestly; but she had spoken quite simply, without thought of that other interpretation that he had put upon it. There was in her speech no intended allusion to the circumstances of the two men. Why would this strange, haunting feeling cling to him?

"It cuts both ways," he said, meditatively. "You do not know what poverty is, poor child."

"I shall never be in poverty, John—Jasper is too good for that. You do not know how changed he is from what I once told you; and he has even tried to help my faith, and he told me to wait, and not believe—"

Here she stopped short, and turned crimson; for she was betraying herself.

"Not to believe what, Di?"

No—she could not bring herself to insult him by repeating the idle gossip she had heard, and had been tempted to believe. It was so simple a matter to trust in him, now that he was beside her, and she could read in his eyes how groundless had been her alarms, that she despised her weakness. She could not tell the tale, and wound his heart with the unworthy doubt she had entertained. So, for the first time, she withheld the whole truth from John Carteret, and only let him have part. And she temporized a little.

"I did lose faith a little, John; and Jasper told me not to distrust, but wait."

Was it quite honest? She felt half guilty. And yet the words she had spoken contained no untruth in them. However, John Carteret did not question farther. He appeared to be revolving something in his own mind; and they walked on without speaking. Presently he said—

"I don't think your guardian looks very favorably upon our engagement, Di."

"That is very unreasonable of you, John," she answered. "Did he not try to smooth the way by offering to help us? And he has defended you always."

"Against whom?" inquired John Carteret, a little sharply.

"Mrs. Seaton does not like you so well as she did; but I do not know why."

And still the haunting thought sped through John Carteret's mind. False—false was all the world? Was Diana herself true? Or, rather, was she not too young to understand the world—to understand herself? The question came to him again, even as it had done when he awoke the first time from the dream of Havilah.

They were not far from the Marshwood Beeches now, where they had watched the sun go down, in the last walk they had taken together. He was thinking of it. Was she?

The old trees had a weird look about them, with their bare branches shorn of their summer glory, tossing like the fantastic arms of some huge goblin in the rising wind that came up sighing from the north with a keen frost-feeling, as though the frost-giants were beginning to breathe over the land. "Winter is coming," said the red-breasted robins. "Winter is coming," said the ruffled waters. And a keener gust, that shook the leafless boughs, caused Diana to utter the words aloud—

"Winter is coming!" she said, and a slight shiver ran through her. "Superstitions cling to me, John," she went on. "The last time I was here, the sun went down, and the gray twilight began to hide the earth. To-day, everything seems to say, 'Winter is coming'—darkness, cold, desolation. And the clouds are growing dark in spite of the north wind. If you were not with me, John, I should feel so hopeless, so sorrowful! But you are my shield, to help me till the summer comes—the great summer, John, when we shall be so happy!"

"Look up at me, Di."

And she turned her dark eyes full upon him.

He looked earnestly into them. What was he searching for?

"You trust me, Di?"

"For—"

But her sentence remained unfinished. And, with a shriek, she sprang forward!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A Kansas man is in jail for letting a neighbor's mule follow him.

☞ "I wonder what causes my eyes to be so weak?" said a fop to a gentleman. "They are in a weak place," replied the latter.

☞ A family in Fishkill, on Sunday, were poisoned by eating custard flavored with "extract of vanilla," as sold in groceries.

☞ OVERPAID.—An Irishman having jumped into the water to save a man from drowning, upon receiving a quarter from the person as a reward for the service, looked first at the money and then at him, and at last exclaimed: "I'm overpaid for the job."

☞ An Ohio paralytic has been cured by sun-baths.

☞ Thirteen millions of money were represented at one Saratoga breakfast.

☞ Philadelphia is to have palace street-cars.

☞ The Western Union Telegraph Company's office at San Leandro, Cal., has been placed under the entire charge of a girl not yet twenty years of age.

☞ Dinner-time proves how empty the world is.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—7000 bbls at $4.75@5 for superfine; $5.25 5.50 for extra; $5.50@6.25 for Pennsylvania extra family; $6@7 for North-West extra family; $6.50@ 7.25 for Ohio and Indiana family; and $7.50@8.50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sells at $4.75@5 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—25,000 bus at $1.25@130 for Delaware red; $1.29@1.34 for Ohio and Indiana red; at $1.30@1.38 for Pennsylvania red; $1.27 for Western amber. Rye—1650 bus of new Western sold at 68@70c. Corn—Sales of 80,000 bus at 65@66c for Western mixed, and 68@69c ₩ bus for Western yellow Oats—sales of 75,000 bus at 45@46c for mixed; 47@48c white, and 49c ₩ bus for choice white.

PROVISIONS—Sales of mess Pork at $14@14.50 ₩ bbl. City packed extra Mess Beef sells at $17.50 ₩ bbl. Beef Hams $28@29. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 14@15½c; sides at 8½@ 10c, and shoulders at 7½@7¾c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 12½@13c; and shoulders, in salt, at 6@6½c. Lard—Sales at 9¾@10c for city and Western steam and kettle rendered. Cheese—Sales of New York factory at 9@10½c. Butter—Sales of roll 18@20c, and packed at 14@18c. Eggs sell at 20@24c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—600 bales of middling upland sold at 19c, and 20c for New Orleans.

BARK—No. 1 Quercitron sold at $25 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $11@12 ₩ cord for Chestnut.

BEESWAX sells at 35@36c ₩ lb for yellow.

FRUIT—Dried Apples sell at 8½@7½c.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₩ 100 lbs, $1,40@1,50; mixed, $1,15@1,20; Straw, $1,05@1,10.

HOPS—Sales of prime at 13@18c.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of 700 tons of No. 1 at $25 @26, and No. 2 at $23@24 ₩ ton. Bar Iron $75. Scotch Pig commands $23@24 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Clover sells at 9½@10c ₩ bus for Timothy. Flaxseed sells at $2,05.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2800 head. The prices realized from 7@7¼ cents ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $40 to $50 ₩ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 5@5½c ₩ lb. 2024 Hogs sold at from $7 to $7,25 ₩ 100 lbs.

R. R. R.

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I have had the Grover & Baker Family Sewing Machine about *ten years*. It has been a rare prize. I have not paid out a single dollar for repairs. It is so simple, and the stitch so durable, that I would not change it for any other.

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HEIMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU gives health and vigor to the frame and bloom to the pallid cheek. Debility is accompanied by many alarming symptoms, and if no treatment is submitted to, consumption, insanity, or epileptic fits ensue.

Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy.—No established remedy has stood critical tests so well.

DREAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Some there be which haunt the shadows
  Lurking in the day's bright eye;
Some that seek the weird night vapors
  As in sleep the senses lie.
Some are fleeting like the visions
  Cloudlets paint in ether blue;
Others fit us like a garment,
  Worn a weary life-time through.

Dreams!—In youth they dance before us,
  Golden-crowned and full of joy;
Those are fleeting, oh! how fleeting,
  Broken soon like childhood's toy;
Glowing brightest while 'tis flying,
  One of these holds such a spell,
That its flapping wings departing
  Waves a simoon in their swell:

In that dream one vision rises,
  Centre round which all revolve—
Ah! methinks that dream a problem
  This poor life will never solve—
'Tis the dream the maiden dreameth,
  Glowing with her heart's desire,
'Till in womanhood's chill wakening,
  She hath seen that dream expire.

Reigning in her gorgeous dreamland,
  She is crowned a royal queen,
While her kingdom—one heart's fealty—
  Glows with lambent love-light's sheen;
Rush not to that dream's fulfilment—
  She is mad who thinks it won—
For the bright-hued bubble perished
  Ere its airy flight was done.

Then will dreams of past joys vanished
  Haunt thee with their ghostly spell,
Fill thy heart with fruitless longings,
  Brooding sorrows where they dwell;
Dreams that cling like dripping sea-weed
  Round the pale, dead form below,
Dancing waves that glance and sparkle,
  Gay with life's effulgent glow.

MAGGIE L. S. BURKE.

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

NO. 25.

Rate of Travel—Slippery Paths—Rocks.

"A Sabbath-day's journey," as alluded to in Acts, i. 12., was little more than one of our miles; and a Jew's travel was limited to that distance *from any city*, though he was not restrained from walking *within* the city, whatever its dimensions, as far as suited his taste or convenience. The Mosaic law contains no directions on the subject; but "the traditions of the elders" were not the less imperative on that account, and a breach of this law was punishable with stripes. This is but one of a thousand examples where these "traditions" were as carefully observed as the injunctions of the divine law itself.

The ordinary rate of travel in Eastern lands, is three miles an hour, and the number of hours devoted to travel being but about six or eight, a day's journey seldom foots up to more than twenty or twenty-five miles. The first day of starting on an expedition, it is not usual to go more than six or eight miles; and the tents are often pitched the first night, almost within sight of the point started from. The reason assigned for starting late, and halting so near home, is that an opportunity is thus afforded to see that nothing has been forgotten, or to return and supply the deficiency, should any be discovered.

Palestine is a rocky country, abounding in cliffs, ravines, and precipices; and this peculiar configuration of the land, together with the extreme narrowness of the footpaths, renders travel not only slow and difficult, but rife with danger, and replete with exciting adventure. Yawning chasms that make the brain reel to look into them, are of frequent occurrence, and the slightest inadvertency or lack of careful guidance may cause a slip of the foot that would hurl horse and rider to irremediable destruction. During the heavy periodical rains, or while the ground is still moist from their effects, the danger of travel is of course largely increased.

To a people dwelling in such a country, exposed in every journey they undertake over these rocks, and cliffs, ravines, and precipices, to slide into bottomless depths that one cannot even peer into without absolute horror—to such a people, passages that refer to "the slippery paths" of sin, and the danger of *sliding* into eternal darkness, come with pungent meaning. Of this solemn import are the words found in Deut. xxxii. 35, where God, proclaiming himself a God of vengeance to evil doers, says of the enemies of his people: Their feet shall slide in due time." Again, in Jer. l. 32, in foretelling the utter destruction of the great evil city of Babylon, of which it was said: "She hath been proud against the Lord, against the Holy One of Israel," God says by the mouth of his prophet: "Behold, I am against thee, oh thou most proud, * * * and the most proud shall stumble and fall, and none shall raise him up." The antitheses of these passages, as often in the word of God, is also given. In this sense are the special promises of protection to God's own chosen ones:—

"Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely, and thy foot shall not stumble." Prov. iii. 23. "I will cause them to walk by the river of water in a straight way, wherein they shall not stumble." Jer. xxxi. 9. And "When thou goest, thy steps shall not be straitened, and when thou runnest, thou shalt not stumble." Prov. iv. 12. Again in Ps. xxxviii. 16. David touchingly prays that God would hear his prayer and succor him, lest when his "foot slipped" his enemies should exult over his downfall; and in Ps. lxvi. 9, he calls upon all to praise the goodness and mercy "which *holdeth* our soul in life, and suffereth not *our feet to be moved*." All these seem very pertinent allusions, that to one dwelling in such a land as Palestine come with a beauty and force scarcely comprehensible to a western reader.

In the words of the royal singer of Israel, contained in Ps. xxiii. 4, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me"—allusion is evidently made to such chasms as that on the road to Jaffa, in the rocks south of Carmel, which bears the significant name of "Valley of the death-shade"—and the "rod and staff" beautifully symbolize the guidance and safety the poor weary traveller through earth's pitfalls may confidently expect from his heavenly guide; just as the frightened and inexperienced tourist over the yawning chasms of Judea clings to the trusty staff of his guide for the help without which he feels himself utterly and irremediably lost.

Among the mountains of Palestine are an abundance of *rocks*, which formed its best natural defence in times of war, the terror-stricken inhabitants often flying to them when besieged by their enemies, and finding in their numerous clefts and chasms a secure refuge till the threatened danger was overpast. The Royal Psalmist repeatedly concealed himself among caves and rocks from the opposing forces of his arch enemy, Saul, and again when his life was sought for by his rebellious son Absalom. We learn, too, from the record in Jud. vi 2, that the Israelites, when fleeing from the oppression of the Midianites, found a secure shelter in such rocky caverns, till God sent them a deliverer in the person of Gideon; and the Benjaminites, when conquered almost to extermination by the other tribes, took refuge in the rock Rimmon as a last desperate hope. Jud. xx 47. So in modern times we often find pursued and persecuted Princes and their followers *shutting themselves up in the cleft of a rock*, as did the late Emir, in the cavern of Gesio, when besieged by the Pacha. Here the fugitives defended themselves for months; and but for the threat of the Pacha to blow up the rock with gunpowder, they might have held out still longer. During the invasion of Egypt by Napoleon, there were many skirmishes and smaller combats fought in the caverns and grottoes of Egypt by the Arabs against the French troops, to the no small annoyance of the latter. In ancient times, before the invention of gunpowder, these rocky fortresses were almost invulnerable; and hence the peculiar appropriateness of God's calling himself the *Rock* of his people, and the exceeding beauty of the many Bible allusions to Him as such.

Sometimes whole tribes, feeling themselves too weak for defence against the incursions of toxic neighbors, take up their abode in rocky caverns and mountain fortresses. Such were the people from the vicinity of the Persian Gulf, called by the Greeks *Troglodytes*, i. e., "people who dwell in caves." Jeremiah speaks (xlviii. 28) of a people that he exhorts to "leave the cities and dwell in the rock;" and in Num. xxiv. 21, we read concerning a tribe living on the south side of the Dead Sea, that "he (Balaam) looked on the Kenites and said, Strong is thy dwelling-place, and thou puttest thy nest in a rock."

But the tired traveller, not less than the fugitive flying from assault, seeks in Eastern lands the shelter of the great rock; and none who has journeyed over the burning, sandy soil of the orient, where in the absence of trees, *rocks furnish the only shelter* from the overpowering heat, will fail to testify to the joy of finding in the cool "shadow of a rock," the refuge for which he often panted almost unto death.

Many a tired traveller, going "down from Jerusalem to Jericho," the very road up which came the gracious Redeemer when met by Mary and Martha at Bethany, looks with anxious eye, peering far out over the burning sands for some friendly *rock*, as a shelter from the fierce rays of the burning sun that beats so pitilessly on his exposed head, with never a tree or shrub, or even a dwelling to break the weary, wasting swelter, or afford one moment's relief, that new courage may be gathered up for the continuance of the exhausting journey. But by-and-by, he comes in sight of a "*great rock*," and with a burst of joy that must be felt to be realized, he quickens the lagging pace of his tired steed, that both horse and rider may be refreshed and invigorated in the grateful shade.

What a sense of relief! The sun no longer smites him with his fierce, fiery darts. He no longer pants for breath; but rested and refreshed, the memory of his previous sufferings but enhances his enjoyment of the goodly shelter in "the shadow of that great rock." If he has ever read the Bible at all, the beauty and force of the prophet's word: "A man shall be as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," (Is. xxxii. 2.) come looming up to his mind's eye as he never dreamed of before; and he realizes in them the touching synonym of Jesus, the despairing sinner's only hope, his all-sufficient refuge. The blight of sin has fallen everywhere in this weary world of ours—every son of Adam drinks of the bitter cup, and sooner or later every heart lies prostrate in weariness, if not in despair, "with no language but a cry"—a helpless cry of hopeless agony. To such a world—blighted and wasted by sin, the loving Saviour comes, "a great rock"—a sheltering, high, everlasting "rock in a weary land."

Like the solitary rock on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho, *He is the sinner's only hope;* but *unlike* that, *he is not afar off*, but "nigh unto all them that call upon him." Wherever the burden of sin or sorrow threatens to overwhelm the poor sinner, there he may find this "great rock," and take refuge in its life-giving shadow.

A Singular County.

Near the confines of Fresno, Tulare and Inyo counties, in the vicinity of the headwaters of the Keweah, there exists a remarkable piece of country. The Indians say it is the abiding place of the Evil Spirit. The country is rugged and rocky—mountains, with deep valleys and precipitous cliffs. Snakes and reptiles of every description abound in untold numbers, and, taken in all, it is a wild and most uninviting region. But aside from this a most curious phenomenon exists. The ground trembles and quakes almost continuously, and the abundant rocks grind and grit together as if being urged by some terrible influence. Frequently, deep discharges are heard, muffled and dull, like the distant sound of heavy artillery. At night the sounds seem to be more abundant than in the day time. No Indian can be induced to venture near the locality, regarding it with superstitious horror. No theory is advanced by any one to account for the strange phenomena mentioned. We also learn from William Faymonville that above the head of Cross Valley, in this county, another place similar to the one mentioned exists. Persons who have visited the last place named describe the sounds mentioned as like muffled thunder.

☞ A beautiful and rather roguish young lady on being asked how she would like to be in command of a ship, archly replied that she did not know how she might succeed with so large a vessel, but that she could, at any time, command a smack.

A SUN-SHOWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY CLIO STANLEY.

It was a bright afternoon in the latter part of summer; the song of the birds in the willows, and the shouts of merry children came through the open window; the sun was lighting up the garden walks with yellow splendors, and vivifying the spot of carpet where the three kittens were winking sleepily, until they began to stretch themselves and pat the bright autumn leaves as if they thought they were real leaves, ready to drift out through the open door into the outer sunshiny world.

But an unpleasant discord in the musical afternoon was the voice of Claudia Ashe. Usually a sweet, sunshiny treble, it had fallen more than one tone into a dismal note of melancholy.

"Oh, dear! How I wish Katie would make haste! It's dull enough to be tied down to this chair, without being left alone."

Not that she *was* actually tied, but a day or two previous she had the misfortune to slip and fall, and the doctor had been in favor of a rest of three days at least; and Katie, who was young and pretty-faced and light-hearted, had been cruel enough to go to a picnic.

"Get out of my way, little bothers!" she exclaimed, rocking her chair nearer the middle of the room, so as to push one of the merry little kittens with her foot. "Get out of my way! I'm tired of seeing you at play!"

"Oh, Claudie! I'm sorry I left you so long! You are just tired out, I know."

It was a pretty picture the old doorway framed. A fair, laughing face, brown hair above—browner eyes below—with a ripple of gold in each; red lips parted over even, white teeth; cheeks just the color of a wild rose, and a dainty, dimpled chin.

Over it all, with sunny side-lights, dropped the morning-glory vines, but you couldn't help thinking that sweet young face fairer than any morning-glory.

She pushed the door a little wider open, and came in.

"How I wish you could have been there, Claudie," said Katie Ashe, throwing herself gracefully on the nearest chair, while she took up the three sprawling little kittens to pet them.

"I don't suppose I was missed," said Claudia, slowly.

"*I* missed you, dear," said Katie, "and ever so many of the girls inquired for you. And oh, Claudie, Mollie Georges was there, and is more beautiful than ever!"

"I don't see what you find beautiful in her face," Claudie returned, sitting straight up in her chair. "A little pink-and-white faced thing—blue eyes with no more expression than a doll's—and a bunch of wavy hair that she call a *curl!* I have no patience with your folly, Kate Ashe!"

Now, as Mollie was Katie's particular friend, and they had eaten from the same spoon and drunk from the same old-fashioned silver mug almost since babyhood, I *do* think such abuse wasn't just the thing.

But then Mollie *was* pretty, as no one knew better than Claudia Ashe; but some one else knew it too, and was constantly singing her praises; and as Harry Warren was her own lover, Claudia thought he had no right to admire another pretty woman.

The truth is, Claudia was jealous. After her sister's scolding, Katie looked out the door, with an ominous sparkle in her brown eyes.

"You are real cross, Claudia, but when Harry comes, you will be in a brighter mood."

"Why didn't he come home with you?"

"Because I didn't want him, and Mollie did! David Wallace came with me," said Katie, blushing rosy red.

"And did Harry Warren go home with Mollie Georges?"

"Yes," said Kate, demurely.

At which quiet reply Claudia burst into tears.

"Why, Claudia, what is the matter? Does your face pain you?" asked Katie, anxiously.

"I wish you would go away and leave me alone!" Claudia exclaimed between sobs and tears. "And I hope Harry Warren will stay—"

"Where he is?" said a laughing voice in the doorway. And there stood Harry, pulling down green leaves with which to cover the kittens in Katie's lap.

"I think you would do better," said Claudia, still softly weeping, "to go back to Miss Georges. I suppose you—you like her the best, and I will never, never believe in anybody again!"

"Like Mollie the best!" said Harry, laughing long and loud. "Well, perhaps I *ought*, considering the relationship so soon to exist between us; but the truth is, little Claudia, I have no room in my heart for anybody but you!"

"What do you mean?" asked Claudia, her face pallid with an unspoken fear which that moment possessed her soul. "And *what* is Mollie Georges to be to you?"

"*My step mother*," said Harry. "It's comical, I know; but then she is such a dear little thing, it isn't possible to quarrel with her about such a trifle!"

For one moment Claudia was still, from utter surprise; then, with the round, bright tears yet rolling down her cheeks, she too began to laugh.

"I don't know what *you're* laughing at, I'm sure," said Katie, doubtfully; "for of course she will be your mother-in-law, and you will quarrel with her and make her miserable. You *know* you dislike her," she added with emphasis.

"Not now," cried Claudia, her face beaming.

"And her tears are drowned in sunshine," said the unsuspecting Harry. "Do you know, Katie, I think there is nothing prettier than a sun-shower!"

And smiling, he leaned down to kiss Claudia's warm cheeks.

Our Mothers.

Many a discouraged mother folds her tired hands at night, and feels as if she had after all done nothing, although she has not spent an idle moment since she rose. Is it nothing that your little helpless children have had some one to come to with all their childish griefs and joys? Is it nothing that your husband feels safe when he is away to his business, because your careful hand directs everything at home? Is it nothing that when his business is over, that he has the blessed refuge at home, which you have that day done your best to brighten and refine? Oh, weary and faithful mother, you little know your power when you say, "I have done nothing." There is a book in which a fairer record than this is written over against your name.

FAITHFUL.

Fainter and fainter may fall on my ear
The voice that is sweeter than music to hear;
More and more eagerly then will I list,
That never a word or an accent be missed.

Slower and slower the footstep may grow,
Whose fall is the pleasantest sound that I
  know;
Quicker and quicker my glad heart shall
  learn
To catch its faint echo and bless its return.

Whiter and whiter may turn with each day
The locks that so sadly are changing to gray;
Dearer and dearer shall these seem to me,
The fewer and whiter and thinner they be.

Weaker and weaker may be the light clasp
Of the hand that I hold so secure in my
  grasp;
Stronger and stronger my own to the last
Will cling to it, holding it tenderly fast.

Darker and darker above thee may spread
The clouds of a fate that is hopeless and
  dread;
Brighter and brighter the sun of my love
Will shine, all the shadows and mists to re-
  move.

Envy and malice thy life may assail,
Favor and fortune and friendship may fail;
But perfect and sure and undying shall be
The trust of this heart that is centered in
  thee!

MY LUCKY MISTAKE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I was in love!

Rather a startling confession to begin a story with, isn't it?

But the confession cannot strike you more startlingly than the fact of my being in this predicament did me.

The way of it was this: Mrs. Townsend gave the last party of the season. Everybody was going out of town in a week or two, and of course everybody must attend this last "demonstration" of the "best society." I had been absent from the city for some time, and my friend Tom Lesley promised to introduce me to the prettiest girl of the season, so I went, arrayed in my best, prepared to see and be seen—to conquer, I hoped, but I never once dreamed of *being* conquered. So little we know of what fate has in store for us, you see!

"There she is," whispered Tom to me, as we entered the room, and pointed to a tall young lady in blue opposite.

I was struck at the first glance. These blonde women always had a peculiar fascination for me. Miss Stanfield was a blonde of the purest type. Tall, with a willowy grace in every motion and gesture. Her complexion was of a rare creamy tint, deepening into faint rose-color on the cheeks. Her eyes were blue—deep, intense and changeful. But the principal charm was in her hair of pale sun-gold—fine, soft and remarkably luxuriant. It was her own; I could tell that by the careless way in which she wore it looped, up with an arrow set with pearls, with a white rosebud or two fastened over her ear in the most bewitching way imaginable.

"Introduce me," I whispered back to Tom. "She's perfectly splendid; the most magnificent woman I ever saw."

"In love already?" asked Tom, as we elbowed our way through the crowd. "She's a regular flirt, they say; so be careful of your heart. There's a rumor afloat that young Lonsmith offered her his heart and his million or more last week, both of which she very coolly declined."

"She can't be manufacturing for money, then," I replied. Young Lonsmith was the most wealthy young man in our set.

By that time we were near Miss Stanfield, and Tom proceeded to introduce us. She bowed pleasantly, and made room for me on the sofa where she was sitting. Tom gave me a warning nudge by way of a reminder that I must be careful, and took himself off, leaving me alone with the woman who had won my heart in five minutes. I had heard and read of love at first sight, but never believed anything in the doctrine before. There I was, an illustration of the theory.

I can't tell you what we said. I don't think I am exactly clear on that point, for it seemed to me that I was in fairy-land while I was sitting by Lucia Stanfield. It was very bewildering to sit under the spell of such deeply blue eyes, and the fascination of such a low, musical voice. I was bewitched, and I don't think you could expect me, under the circumstances, to remember what was said.

By-and-by some one called for a song, and I had the pleasure of leading Miss Stanfield to the piano, and of turning her music after she began to sing. Turning music had always been my special dislike before. I began to think it nice, and remember vaguely of wishing the world was a grand piano to be played upon by Miss Stanfield, and that I might have the exquisite pleasure of turning her music for her and listening to her as she sang "Captain Jinks," or "Up in a Balloon." You may know from that that I was pretty far gone.

"Miss Stanfield's taking young Sedley in tow, isn't she?" I heard some one remark to another during a pause in the music.

"It looks so," was the reply. "Poor fellow!"

What did I care for what they said about me? It was all jealousy on their part probably. I glanced down at Miss Stanfield and knew that she had heard what had been said, for she looked up to me with a charming blush on her face, and then dropped her beautiful blue eyes in delightful confusion. At least it was delightful to me. I was not aware then that such an appearance of "delightful confusion" could be "manufactured expressly for any occasion where required." I am wiser now than I used to be.

Later in the evening I was introduced to Miss Stanfield's sister, Mary. A very pretty, quiet girl, with none of her sister Lucia's dash or brilliance about her. I remember thinking at the time that such a girl would make a capital wife for whoever was fortunate enough to get her. There was something in her quiet, well-bred ways and half-shy face that gave me that impression. But her sister outshone her completely in my estimation; she was nearer my ideal, "this Lucia with the yellow hair," than any other woman I had ever happened to meet.

I met Miss Stanfield and her sister once or twice after that before they left the city. I found out that they were going directly from town to Cape May, and declared my intention to Tom Lesley of going to Cape May too.

"Miss Stanfield is to be there, isn't she?" queried Tom. "Seems to me that I heard a fellow by the name of Sedley declare Cape May a bore about a year ago. Has the place 'met with a change,' or is it you?"

"Both, most likely," I answered, as indifferently as I could, for I didn't care to have everybody know how much I cared for Lucia Stanfield.

I slipped off to the Cape the day before the Stanfields did, to avoid the appearance of having followed them. I met Lucia and her sister on the steps as the carriage drove up, and was rewarded with a luminous smile from one, and a half-shy, graceful little smile and bow from the other. I helped them to alight, and managed to tell Miss Lucia how delighted I was to know that she was to spend a portion of the season at the Cape, which I thought a charming place. At which she smiled upon me more beamingly than before, and said something about "always being happy to be among congenial friends."

I shan't attempt to tell what was said and done for the next three weeks. Walks on the beach by moonlight, and sails down the bay, with long afternoons on the cliffs, reading Tennyson or Owen Meredith, and evenings full of music and light and gayety, the time passed swiftly. Before I began to think of it, people were talking of going to Saratoga or the mountains. When Miss Lucia asked me if I was not intending to go to Saratoga for a week or two, remarking incidentally that they were going, I did not hesitate to remark that "such had been my intention all along."

"From there we are going to the White Mountains for a little rest before returning to the city," said Lucia. "This kind of life isn't rest. It is better than city life, of course, but one can't help getting tired of it. I want to get away among the mountains. I always feel better there. Life seems worth something more to me under their influence. Doesn't it to you?"

Of course it did. I was fully prepared to agree to anything in the sentimental line that Lucia had to offer. All her drafts on sentiment would meet with acceptance at par at my bank.

To Saratoga we went. Things had gone on swimmingly at Cape May, and things went on in the same way at Saratoga. I made up my mind, the first time we walked together beneath the pines in the park, with the moonlight shining over all like a blessing, and the mellow crash of the music from the band sounding in the distance, that I would not propose to Lucia until we had got to the mountains. There, with the shadow of Mount Washington falling at our feet, would be the fitting place to perform that somewhat difficult task. I am free to confess that it did seem like a difficult matter for me to ask the peerless Lucia if she would marry me. But ask her I was determined to. Could it be possible that she would say no? A thought of the sails at Cape May, the walks and talks by the sea, was sufficient to dispel any doubt that might obtrude itself upon my mind.

"Lucia is getting in a hurry to go to the mountains," said Mary to me one day. I started. Could it be that they knew what I had been thinking about? I looked at Lucia's sister as she sat opposite me on the verandah, and met a look that was a curious mixture of amusement and sadness. She dropped her eyes beneath my glance and blushed a delightful pink. For the twentieth time, if not more, the thought came into my mind of how fortunate *some one* would be in getting Mary Stanfield for a wife. She looked so fresh in her white muslin with blue flowers in her brown hair, and the knot of blue ribbons in the lace at her throat, that I could not help admiring her, and I told her something to that effect. Her brown eyes lit up softly at the flattery, which, from its truth, was *not* flattery after all. I liked to see her eyes smile as they could when she was pleased. I had seen a good deal of her since my acquaintance with the Stanfields began, and liked her only second to Lucia, I concluded, of all the young women I knew.

A week or two after that the Stanfields took their departure for the mountains. I did not accompany them, for the reason that I wanted to have a chance to collect my wits before proceeding to lay my heart at Lucia's feet. After they were gone, I recollected that she had not even asked me if I were coming after them. But then, perhaps she had taken it for granted that I would follow them. She evidently knew what my intentions were.

The thought occurred to me that perhaps I had better write to her before I went to the mountains, and prepare her for what was coming. Not but that I thought she knew that I intended marriage—but that she might have time and opportunity to think the matter over, and give me a final answer at once. I was so sure what that answer would be that I was not troubled much about it.

Consequently I wrote to her. Here is the epistle—word for word—and I have thanked my lucky stars a thousand times since it was written that it was no non-committal:

"My Dear Miss Stanfield:—The Springs are dull since you and your sister have left them. I think I shall have to try the mountains. I think I could find a little rest there. Do you suppose I could find a wife, too? Ask Mary if she knows of any young lady—say a Stanfield, for instance, that would be apt to accept the name of Sedley in exchange for her own? I'm coming to find out about it.

"Yours, Mack Sedley."

"There," I said, folding the somewhat peculiar epistle, "she'll know what I mean, of course." You will see that I did not *speak* of marriage as connected with herself, though I certainly meant it in that way. But fate was smiling on me when I wrote that letter.

Two days after the letter was sent I followed it.

The Stanfield party was stopping at a pleasant, quiet place near the village, and after supper I started to call on them. I felt, I can hardly tell how, but I'm safe in saying that I've felt considerably more at my ease than I did when walking toward the Stanfields' hotel. Was I not about to propose to a young woman? I'll leave my sensations to the imagination of every young man who has been on a similar errand. Such can appreciate them. To other people I could never hope to describe them. I have only to say that "they're awful!"

It was beginning to get dusky as I reached the place. There was a large garden all about the house, filled with great clumps of shrubbery taller than a man's head.

I heard Lucia's voice as I walked up the path, and stopped to listen.

. "It was really amusing," she was saying. "I do believe he loved me with all his heart. I like him well enough as a friend, but I couldn't think of marrying him. I couldn't resist having a little fun at his expense, though I got bored occasionally at his attentions—they were so marked, you know—so monopolising, as if he considered I belonged solely to him. But the fun of the thing is to come. He wrote yesterday that he was coming up to see about getting a wife, and wanted me to ask Mary if she thought a *Miss Stanfield* would change her name for that of Sedley. Of course I knew well enough what he meant. Won't he open his eyes when I tell him that I am expecting my 'ala true knight' every day? Mary gave me a regular scolding for encouraging him. I don't know that I did. He need not have taken everything for granted. I'm almost sure that she wouldn't tell him no if he asked her the question he is coming to ask me. They would make a pretty good match, I think. He's of good family, wealthy, and not objectionable in any way. But my marrying him! The idea!"

Then I was treated to a chorus of feminine laughter. I shan't make any effort to tell you now I felt while listening to Lucia's narration of my love-affair. What's the *use* to try, when I couldn't do the subject a shadow of justice? If your imagination is *very* strong, you might bring it to bear on the case, and think how you would have felt under those circumstances, but you can't come up to the reality. Nothing short of personal experience could give you to understand precisely what my feelings were at that period of my existence.

At first I was too astonished to think. Then I began to get disgusted, to realise what a fool I had been in allowing myself to be so egregiously fooled, in spite of the warnings I had had given me, from those who knew what they were talking about, to be careful. And then I began to grow mad, and cast about in my mind how I could turn the tables on Lucia to her utter discomfiture. Thank fortune, I *hadn't* proposed, and the probability was that I never *should*, to *her*, but people would think I had, all the same, unless, by some brilliant manœuvre, I contrived to show them how much they were mistaken.

What if I should propose to Mary? *Would* she accept me, as Lucia had said? Wouldn't such an action on my part be just the thing to defeat Lucia's anticipated triumph? Somehow, as I thought the matter over, I found myself glad that the matter stood as it did. I had been fortunate in finding out the real state of the case, and might I not be more fortunate in securing for myself the woman whom I had often thought so well calculated to make some man happy? I think I must have been in love with Mary all the while, only I didn't know it. Lucia bewildered and dazzled me so that I hardly knew what I was about. Now my eyes were open, and I began to see how matters stood.

I heard Mary's voice down the path. She was singing softly. I walked toward her, and met her face to face, as we turned an angle made by an old lilac bush.

"So you have come?" she said, softly, giving me her hand. "Lucia got your letter. If you were to ask me the question you told Lucia to ask me, knowing as I do how the case stands, I should tell you to be careful how you ask important questions. You must excuse me for saying this, Mr. Sedley, but—but—I am your friend, and I would spare you pain. Lucia does not care for you—she is already engaged. Don't give her a chance to refuse you. You had better forget her if you can."

She spoke rapidly—and her voice trembled a little. She did not look at me at all.

"Mary," I said, tenderly, "I want to ask the same question of you that I told Lucia to—*do* you know if *Mary* Stanfield would change her name for mine? Don't misunderstand me, Mary, I want *you*. May I have what I want?"

Such a swift, glad light as flashed into her eyes! She lifted them to mine, and I answered the unspoken question in them by pressing one little hand, and saying—

"I do mean it, Mary. Lucia is too showy for me. I want some one to make home the dearest and best place in the world. I love *you*, Mary, and I want you for my own."

She answered me by putting both her hands in mine, and by the look upon her face I knew that she had loved me while I had been under the spell of Lucia's charms.

We heard steps down the path. Lucia and her friend came toward us. She smiled as she saw me. Now was my time for triumph.

"I have come—and have asked the question of Mary that I told *you* to ask. She has answered you. Allow me to present you to the future Mrs. Sedley."

I said this very coolly. I was conscious of holding the trump cards of this little game in my own hands at the time when they were most needed.

Lucia heard me through with a very changeable expression of face. Surprise—defeat—chagrin—all were there. She had boasted of her triumph too soon. I saw her friend look at her with an evident desire to indulge in a hearty laugh at her expense, Lucia saw the look, and knew what it meant, and tears of mortified pride sprang to her eyes. It was too much. For a woman who could boast of having won so many hearts, to have the tables turned upon her when she was almost sure of having the pleasure of putting her foot on another!

I grow more confident, as the years go by, that my mistake was a lucky one. Lucia could never have been to me what Mary is.

A BAND of thirty-six Communists had taken refuge in Père la Chaise, and had resisted the attacks of a battalion of Versailles troops until their ammunition was exhausted. The Communists had fought behind tombstones, monuments and trees with great desperation, when, finding all their ammunition gone, they grouped themselves together and laid down their arms. Said the Versailles commander:

"Will you surrender?"

"No! Vive la Commune!"

"But you must surrender, or I shall have to kill you all."

"No! Vive la Commune!"

Mitrailleuses were sent for, and another and last demand made upon the Communists to surrender.

"No! Vive la Commune!" said they, with more determination than ever. A horrid rattle from the mitrailleuses, a cloud of smoke, and thirty-four Communists were slaughtered. Said the Versailles commander:

"Through a cloud of smoke I saw only two heads, more erect and more defiant than ever."

"Will you surrender?"

"No! Vive la Commune!"

"I hadn't the heart to kill those men; I took them prisoners."

DENE HOLLOW.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF

"EAST LYNNE," &c.

[The advance sheets of this story have been purchased of Mrs. Wood for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER VIII.

MISS EMMA GONE.

"All of a shake he was, and his face whiter nor this here 'kerchief I've got on," said Mary Barber, in answer to Mr. Arde's confidential questioning, as she stood, cloth in hand, and her gown drawn through its pocket hole, for he had disturbed her when she was hard at work in the best parlor "beeswaxing" the bright old mahogany furniture.

"There can't be a doubt that it's what he had been after—that bag of money," returned the Squire. "The very absurdity of his plea for accounting for the fright; that he had seen—had seen Robert Owen, would be almost enough evidence without anything else."

Mary Barber did not immediately reply. She had thoughts and thoughts. Dwelling upon the matter very much indeed, as she had done since her visit to Beechhurst Dene, she had come to a somewhat different conclusion from that which she had mentally drawn then.

"Squire Arde, I think he saw the poor master. Anyway that he fancied he did. Because—"

"How can you talk such nonsense, woman?" interrupted Mr. Arde—who had never liked the report at all. "I thought that fool's gossip had died out long ago."

"So did I," said independent Mary Barber. "But it seems it hasn't: though what on earth can bring him above ground again—if he is above it—is more than I can tell. Look here, Squire, that terror of Randy Black's last Saturday night was real terror: and I don't believe it was caused, or could ha' been caused, by anything but what he said. Supernatural terror is different from other terror, say that caused by the fear of pursuit. Had Black been running from pursuit only he'd not have had his face ghastly, and his teeth a chattering, and his skin in a clammy sweat. He'd ne' been flying stealthy too, with steps as hardly dared touch the ground for fraid o' being heard and tracked: nor with a great open bustle and noise, as he was."

She paused and gave a moment's vigorous rub to the table, as to enforce the argument. Squire Arde stood knitting his brow. Leaving the cloth where it was, she resumed—

"Randy Black 'ud no more have showed that mortal fear to living man or woman, if 'twasn't real, than he'd confess himself a thief. It's the sort of fear men be ashamed to own to: and they never would own to it but for being took unawares like in the minute that the fright's upon 'em. Why, Squire, he was *beside* himself with fright! He a'most clung to my shawl for company! If he'd only been a taking the money, would he have give old Pound's boy a sixpense to walk up Harebell Lane with him because he didn't dare to go alone? No: he'd rather have slunk off somewhere by himself and hid from pursuit. Randy Black saw the old master on Saturday night, Squire," she concluded, emphatically, "or thought he saw him, as safe as my name's Mary Barber."

"All the same, he might have helped himself to the bag of money."

"He *might*," she answered, with a stress on the word that indicated doubt. "I don't feel so sure of it as I did in the first blush o' the thing. Maybe time 'll tell, sir."

And somehow, Mr. Arde, a rather impressionable man, did not feel so sure of it either. Instead of returning home when he left the farm he walked across the fields towards the Trailing Indian. The narrow path between the grove and the fence, from whence poor Robert Owen had fallen (as was supposed) to his death; the pond in the lane underneath; the old cow-shed in the two-acre meadow—all were there just as they used to be a quarter of a century before. Squire Arde, passing the familiar objects, had his thoughts back in that by-gone time. He remembered, as though it had taken place but yesterday, that visit he and his uncle, the quaint old Squire, and Geoffry Clanwaring had made to the Trailing Indian the day after Robert Owen's disappearance, and his own vague doubts of Black. If the landlord had really had any hand in Mr. Owen's death, it might account for those fits of superstitious terror, that had occasionally assailed him since.

Silent and deserted as usual looked the Trailing Indian when Mr. Arde approached it. But no sooner had he entered the yard gate than a stout young fellow of eighteen, Sam Pound, came rushing out of the stable. His smock frock was rolled up round the middle, he wore no hat, and he had altogether the air of being at home and at work.

The Pounds were enough to puzzle people—there was such a flock of them. John and Matty Pound, at whose cottage, as may be remembered, the widow Barber died, had fifteen children. This young man, Sam, was the youngest of them; Jack, the eldest of the bunch, was the father of the little lad who was the carter's boy at Harebell Farm.

"Is it you, Sam Pound!" exclaimed Mr. Arde. "What are you doing here?"

"I be a come to live up here, Squire," was the answer—and the young man appeared proud of having to say it, and pulled his hair, that was like nothing in the world but tow. "That there stable be in a rare muck o' pickle, so I were a cleaning of it out a bit."

"Come to live here?" repeated the Squire slowly, thinking it strange Black should take on a man when so little business was doing to require it. "Are you to be hostler?"

"Man of all work, sir, indoors and out. Randy Black, he sent for old feyther to come up yesterday, and they made the bargain atween 'em. Five pound a year I be to earn and my vittles and lodging. There be nobody but me to do nothing for 'em nohow," added Sam Pound, who possessed about the readiest tongue within a ten-mile radius. "Landlord, he be bad of his cough, and the missis, her's bad; and Miss Gooch she've been and went off."

"Where's she gone to?—what's she gone for?" questioned the Squire.

"Well, I take it her didn't care to stay no longer i' the face and eyes o' folk," returned the shrewd young man. "After a cocketing up of herself above the parish all these mortal years, and a turning up of her nose at decent hard-working young men like our Jim, a fine market she've been and went and brought her pigs to! And Jim, he's a doing better nor any of us, and could ha' give her a good house, wi' a side o' bacon in't!"

"But where's she gone?" repeated Mr. Arde.

Sam Pound shook his head to indicate his ignorance upon the point; shook it resentfully too.

"Her stopped the stage coach as it druv along the highway yonder yester morn, missis says, and got up atop, and set hersel out; her and her big ban-box o' clothes aside her."

The first object Mr. Arde saw on entering the inn, was Black himself, groaning and coughing over the kitchen fire. Whether Black's disobedience tended to bring on a relapse, or whether it might have been the adventure in the Beechhurst Dene grounds that was telling on his nerves, certain it was that the man looked very ill; ominously so. The poor ailing wife, worse than usual that day, was lying in bed up-stairs. Uninvited, Mr. Arde sat down, his stout umbrella held out before him.

Now, Squire Arde had not gone to the inn to accuse Black outright of the theft; or rather, he intended, by a series of delicate pumpings, to glean what he could in an incidental manner, and thence deduce his own judgment of things. But, nearly at the first, he found himself foiled. Black evidently could not understand him; and when Mr. Arde spoke out more plainly, the man's surprise was so great, and apparently so genuine, that Mr. Arde was fairly puzzled.

"Don't you know that Sir Dene lost a bag of money out of his secretaire on Saturday night?" pursued Mr. Arde.

"I never now a word on't," returned Black, emphatically, turning his white face (white from sickness) full on the Squire's—and for once both face and tones seemed as truthful as an honest man's. "What sort of a bag was't? how much money had it got in't?"

"Well, it was just a little sample barley-bag; and the sum was forty-five pounds, replied the Squire, giving him gaze for gaze.

"Notes or gold, sir?"

"Both."

Black slowly turned his eyes on the kitchen fire, and seemed to be thinking. It must be owned that he had not the air of a guilty man.

"Hearing that you were met flying out of the grounds about the same time, Black—that is, at dusk—I was wondering whether you had seen anything of the robbery," continued Mr. Arde, thinking he was opening the ball with charming finesse. "Any suspicious looking people round the bay window, for instance?"

Black shook his head.

"I warn't anigh the bay window, Squire. I never got more nor halfway up the path to'ard it."

"What put you into that state of fright, then? You had, I believe, all the appearance of a man flying from pursuit."

"Well, because I got a fright, Squire. It don't matter what 'twas. I—"

Black stopped short, turned sideways, and looked at his visitor questioningly, the sickly face growing a little dark. Mr. Arde thought the man had suddenly divined that he was suspected of this thing.

"I had got a fright," he repeated sullenly.

"Fancying you saw Mr. Owen's ghost!"

"Did you hear that there from Mary Barber?" questioned Black, after a pause.

"Well—yes. That's near enough. What a foolish coward you must be, Black, to fancy anything so ridiculous!"

"I see him as plain as I see you at this moment, Squire," burst forth Black, in excitement. "He stood i' the pathway right in front of me, and I were close up again him afore I knew what 'twas a standing there i' the dusk. I swear I saw him. I'd swear it if 'twas my last breath."

The recollection even now seemed to bring out a cold sweat on Black's face. Mr. Arde, his hands leaning on the top of his umbrella, and his chin on his hands, could but look at him. For some moments nothing was to be heard but the ticking of the eight-day clock standing in its upright case against the wall by the chimney piece.

"Never a thing did I see i' the grounds but the ghost o' Robert Owen," resumed Black, with the same amount of earnestness but with less excitement. "Nothing frighted me but that. As to the theft o' money from Sir Dene's parlor, I saw nothing on't, nor nobody about to help themselves to't. And I'll take my oath, as I never heerd o' the loss till this minute."

Had it been anybody but Black, the Squire would have given to this the most implicit credence. Being Black, knowing the man's habitual cunning and rules—his assertions of innocence when accused of poaching and the like, every word of which was always a deliberate lie—he knew not what to think. A question suddenly occurred to him after he had risen to depart.

"What brought you in the Beechhurst Dene grounds at all, Black?"

"I was a going to ask leave to speak to Captain Clanwaring," replied the man, readily. "He's owing me a trifle for biccy; and I thought I'd go across and ask him for it."

A very reasonable plea, presenting neither doubt nor difficulty to the mind of Mr. Arde. Sometimes he owed for tobacco at the Trailing Indian himself.

"I hear Emma Geach is gone away," he remarked, the door in his hand.

"Dead her, yes!—and I be glad on't," exploded Black, in a very different tone. "I'd sooner have her room nor her company."

"Where's she gone to?"

"She didn't tell me. Took French leave and was off afore I got out o' bed! Let her go where her will. Dratted baggage!"

A sense of failure, in regard to the result of his expedition, lay on Squire Arde's mind as he and his umbrella went down Harebell Lane.

"I don't know what to believe, and that's a fact," he told himself. "Every word the man spoke seemed true. But then—who can trust Black? But for Otto Clanwaring's strict injunctions to be silent, I'd ask the Captain who the other one is he suspects. As it is—well, its of no good for me to meddle further in it. Tom's cleared among 'em, and so let it go."

Sir Dene Clanwaring and the Squire spent a pleasant evening together, Gander waiting on them. Sir Dene avoided the topic of Tom Clanwaring (and indeed all topics connected with home troubles) but ever and anon a chance word would drop from him inadvertently, by which Mr. Arde gathered how much Tom was missed. At nine o'clock he took leave, for the host was weary, and wanted to go to rest.

"Sir Dene feels Tom's absence very deeply," innocently remarked the Squire to Lady Lydia, when he looked into the drawing-room, where she was sitting alone. Captain Clanwaring and Mrs. Letsom were dining out, Otto had gone to post a letter. "Sir Dene wants him back again."

"Wants him back again!" repeated my lady, letting fall her knitting.

"That he does," cried the blundering Squire—but he was one who could never see an inch beyond his nose. "I think we shall have him back, too, before a week or so's gone over."

Every drop of blood in Lady Lydia's veins seemed to stand still as she listened. Have the scapegoat back again!—after all her trouble! But she was a thorough diplomatist, and she smiled sweetly on the Squire as he stood before her.

"You have been to Bristol to see him, I hear."

"Ay, I thought I'd better go. And really, Lady Lydia, I must say, I think he has been sent away unjustly. Tom assured me that he had done nothing to merit expulsion, as far as he knew."

"You are so kind-hearted, Squire; and so unsuspicious! Of course Tom Clanwaring would not proclaim his naughty deeds to you."

"The question, my lady, is—has he done any?" was the somewhat blunt answer.

Standing beside him on the hearth-rug, glancing round as if to make sure they were indeed alone, her voice quite affectionately low, her smile sweet still, my lady breathed into the Squire's ear a whisper of Miss Emma Geach.

"No!" broke out the Squire. "That never was Tom."

"Yes it was *Tom*." And then she told what she had heard from Otto. Woven into a tale (as she had been weaving it in her mind this past week) it seemed to be a charming history of proofs, one fitting into another. She herself fully believed in it.

The Squire gave vent to a long, dismal whistle. "I'd never have believed it of him," he cried, his mouth falling. "What a confounded hypocrite he must be!"

"Believe me, dear Mr. Arde, it is better that he should be away than here," she plaintively said. "Better for the peace of this house, better for that miserable girl at the Trailing Indian; better for you, especially better for your daughter. Rely upon it, all things are ordered for the best."

"What difference does it make to my daughter?" demanded Mr. Arde, opening his eyes at the words.

"Ah—what! But perhaps I ought not to speak out so fully," she added in her demur. "I should not to any one but yourself. He was a presuming, designing villain, dear Mr. Arde. He dared to fall in love with May—there's no question of it; there's no doubt he dared to cherish the prospect of making her his wife. Yes, even he, Mr. Tom Clanwaring!"

The Squire's eyes dilated; the Squire's eyes grew round with horror. He!—the penniless, obscure scapegoat, Tom Clanwaring!

"Make up to Miss Arde!—to my daughter!" he stuttered. "Why, the fellow must possess the impudence of Belial! Is he mad?"

"But that your own eyes must have been held, you would have seen it for yourself," she said. "I think Mrs. Arde did. There's no knowing what he might have beguiled May into had he remained. A secret marriage, possibly; girls are innocent and persuadable. Secret marriages run in his race, you know."

It was a side fling at poor dead Geoffry. Mr. Arde, overwhelmed with a conflict of feeling, wondered whether he was awake or asleep.

"Believe me, Squire, it is good for us all that he should be at a safe distance. Once in Ireland, the sea will flow between him and us. *Let him stay there.*"

Squire Arde acquiesced with his whole heart, and with a few strong words. He would have moved heaven and earth then to keep Tom Clanwaring and danger away rather than help to recall him. *His* daughter!—and her twenty thousand pounds on her wedding day, coveted by him! He began to see that he was a scapegoat, and nothing less; he began to think it likely that he had taken that money; all the enormities of which Tom Clanwaring had been accused found a willing echo in his mind. So prone is frail human nature to be swayed by self-interest.

Going down the avenue on his way home, and stamping as he went, as if to throw the flakes of snow off his boots, in reality to stamp off his indignation, who should he meet just before he got to the lodge but Otto Clanwaring. In a few angry words the Squire stormed out the news he had heard, and compared Tom to the arch enemy.

"Confound it! I wish I had lost my tongue before I'd ever mentioned the thing," was Otto's vexed retort. "We are none of us so white ourselves, Squire, I dare say. As to that Geach girl and her native impudence, *she* is not much to make an outcry over."

"It's not that," foamed the Squire; "it's the two-faced hypocrisy of the fellow altogether. I believed in him almost as I believed in myself, Otto Clanwaring."

And away he went stamping furiously amidst the snow-storm.

CHAPTER IX.

SELLING OUT.

The days and weeks went on. Tom Clanwaring's departure got to be a thing of the past. Tom was in Ireland, hard at work filling the post that he had been sent to. It was no sinecure. He had been pretty active on his grandfather's estate, he had to do a vast deal more now; and his personal responsibility was greatly increased. The rumor that he had been Miss Emma Geach's sweetheart had become public property—but I think this has been said before; and Hurst Leet concluded that Sir Dene—or perhaps my lady—had banished him by way of punishment. Considering the light estimation any kind of sweethearting was then held in, and the lighter estimation in which Miss Geach was held, Hurst Leet came to the conclusion that the punishment was harder than it need have been.

In January, when Otto Clanwaring returned to London, the captain ran up with him, having, as he said, business there. But Jarvis was soon back again. Sir Dene, responding to some dexterous persuasion of my lady's, helped Captain Clanwaring temporarily with a tolerably fair sum. It ought to have set him on his legs. Perhaps everybody thought it had, save the captain and his creditors.

In one thing the wise captain showed himself unwise. Unwise as a child. No sooner was he down at Beechhurst Dene again, than he made an offer of his hand to Mary Arde. In the whole, Tom had not been gone three weeks; the remembrance of him and his shallowly disguised love was full on May; and Captain Jarvis Clanwaring's own sense (for he certainly suspected the love) might have told him so. May refused him with a few pretty words of thanks. What else could he expect? Privately cussing his precipitancy, the gallant Captain made her a soft, bland speech, intimating that his love for her could never die; and that he was willing to wait and work for her as Jacob (to whom he compared himself) did for Rachel, and think it no hardship. To this May replied that she begged he would not think of waiting for *her*; she had made up her mind not to marry at all. They parted good friends, apparently on the same terms that they had been before-hand.

After this, Captain Clanwaring divided his time pretty equally between London and Beechhurst Dene. No lover could pay his court more silently and unobtrusively than he did to May—hoping to rectify that first mistake. Not a day passed but he was at the Hall; but he pressed no more attention on May than he did on her mother. He had made up his mind to win her; and win her he would; but he knew that he could not do it by storm. Lady Lydia made the best play for him, especially with Mr. and Mrs. Arde.

And in Mr. Arde's great fear, lest his daughter should be beguiled by Tom Clanwaring, and bestow herself and her twenty thousand pounds upon so miserable a scapegoat, (for over that twenty thousand pounds Mr. Arde had no control whatever,) he looked with something like favor on the pretensions of Jarvis Clanwaring. Captain Clanwaring was not a particular favorite of his; he had disliked him as a boy, he did not much like him as a man; and he would not have preferred a soldier for May. Still the Captain seemed strangely desirable by the side of Tom. We estimate all things by comparison, and shall as long as the world lasts. Mr. Arde knew no particular ill of Captain Clanwaring; it was generally believed that the Captain had a few debts; but debt was so common an appendage as that day to young men of fashion, that Mr. Arde did not give that a second thought. Lady Lydia whispered that Jarvis would inherit a large amount of Sir Dene's savings, and all of her own. What her savings might be, or whence they came she did not state; but Mr. and Mrs. Arde, rather simple people in the main, never doubted her word.

To his wife, and his wife alone, Mr. Arde had whispered the tale of Tom's evil doings, of the incredible manner in which they had been deceived by him, of the infamous hypocrisy he must have carried on. Rushing home that January night through the snow-storm, he found his wife, just returned, sitting over the fire in her bed-room, and he told her all. Mrs. Arde was shocked. She had a high esteem of Tom; putting aside that semi-fear as to her daughter, she liked him excessively; and she could not at first give credit to the tale. Her husband assured her it was positively true—having no doubt of it himself. They agreed to keep it from May; it was not suitable for her ears; never to breathe it to her, save in the extremity of necessity. May gathered that Tom had done some thing or other frightfully wrong—a vast deal worse than having knocked down Captain Clanwaring in a passion, but when she asked her mother what it was, Mrs. Arde replied that it would not bear talking of.

Just a word here about Miss Emma Geach. She was supposed to be hiding her diminished head in some convenient shelter near or distant as might be convenient to her, taking rest and gathering fresh strength and (as the people put it) brass, against the time that she should come forth again to adorn the world. And that she would come and live amongst them as usual, Hurst Leet had no sort of question, and thus the time went on.

The next news was, that Captain Clanwaring had quitted the army. Sold out. Lady Lydia was the first to carry the tidings to Arde Hall; Jarvis being in London completing the negotiations. Two causes had induced him to take the step, she said: the one was, that he could not bear to separate from May—as he must have done, for he was unable to get a further extension of absence; the other, that he knew Mr. Arde would like him better if he were not a soldier. In reference to May, Mr. Arde certainly would: but he observed to Lady Lydia that he thought it a pity; young men were so much better with some occupation than without it.

The same reasons were assigned to Sir Dene Clanwaring, upon whom the news came—with intense surprise. Sir Dene was rapidly failing in health. Both body and mind were now so weakened that a state of something like apathy had set in; and he rarely took much note of anything. This selling out of Jarvis's, however, aroused him in an extraordinary degree, and he stormed over it as he had been wont to storm over annoyances in the days gone by. Lady Lydia quietly shut the doors while it lasted, then answered his questions and set herself to soothe the tempest. How did the fellow think he was going to live, flinging up his profession in that mad way, demanded the squire; and my lady calmly answered that he was going to marry Squire Arde's daughter, and would succeed to the Hall (as a matter of course) in the lapse of time. Sir Dene shook his head, only half convinced—half convinced of the wedding prospect, not at all of the expediency of the selling out—but his physical powers were unequal to maintain either passion or contention long. Dear Jarvey had quitted the army because of this contemplated marriage she urged; he would for the present take up his abode at Beechhurst Dene, and make himself useful to his dear grandfather.

Such were my lady's specious whispers. But what, in all sincere truth, were the real inducing facts of his selling out? Simply, that he could not help it. Captain Clanwaring was so deeply involved in debt, that he was obliged to get the proceeds of his commission to extricate him—or, rather, partially to extricate him; for it would only go half way to it. Assistance he must have to avoid exposure and disgrace. In some way or another, he had managed to stave off the evil day until now; when it could no longer be staved off by any mortal contrivance known in this world, save some of its golden coin. There was but one way of getting it; and that was by selling his commission. Lady Lydia had absolutely none to give him; and Sir Dene it was of no use asking. My lady had sounded the baronet in a delicate way, and found him more inexorable than a flint. Not another penny

piece should Jarvis have from him, he said—nay, more—as he buttoned up his breeches pockets emphatically, he had let him have too much already for his own good. Press it, Lady Lydia dared not; still less might she hint at the embarrassment her son was in; lest Sir Dene should talk of it to Mr. Arde (as he would be sure to do) and Jarvis's hopes be ruined with May.

So the commission was dispersed of, and Captain Clanwaring—retaining his title by courtesy—took up his permanent abode at Beechhurst Dene. Weston, the new superintendent of the estate, had not proved a very efficient successor to Tom Clanwaring; my lady, by dint of prayers and tears, and almost going on her knees to beg it, got Jarvis to ride out on the land once a week, or so; and regaled Sir Dene's ears with dear good Jarvis's industry, anxious in Sir Dene's interests. Sir Dene took no notice: thoroughly put out with the ex-captain, he was barely civil to him.

Grating over on the baronet's mind was the one bitter fact of Tom's ingratitude. Not a line had he received from him since his departure. He concluded—as what else could he conclude?—that the young man had shaken off the ties and obligations of years as we shake off an old garment when it has served our turn, and abandoned him, his grandfather. Never was there a greater truth written than that of Shakspeare's:—"Blow, blow thou wintry wind, thou art not so unkind as man's ingratitude;" and Sir Dene was feeling it in his heart of hearts.

But now—what was the fact? If Tom had written one letter to Sir Dene, he had written ten. All had been confiscated by Lady Lydia as that first one was, sent from Bristol. At length Tom wrote to *her*; asking how it was he did not hear from Sir Dene; or, indeed, from any one. My lady answered him forthwith. Sir Dene was poorly and ailing, too much so to be crossed or troubled she represented. He was still incensed against Tom (and she did not wonder at it, remembering what discomfort he had caused in those later days at the Dene, she added in a parenthesis;) he could not *bear* to see one of Tom letters arrive, caused them always to be put in the fire unopened: my lady therefore counseled Tom not to write again.

To suppress letters or to present them to their owners, was an equally easy task for Lady Lydia, since they were delivered at Beechhurst Dene in a closed bag, of which she now kept the key.

Another person that Tom had written to again was Mr. Arde. When he had been about a fortnight in Ireland, he wrote to tell him what the place was like, what he had to do, and so on; he also once more thanked him for his unexpected liberality. Now, what did the Squire do on the receipt of this letter? He went into a passion and sent it back again. Snatching a sheet of paper, he penned a few strong words, commenting on Tom's rascally presumption in daring to address him, forbidding him so to offend again, wrapped the letter inside, and despatched it to Ireland unpaid. So, between them all, Tom got hardly used.

And now things went on swimmingly. Captain Clanwaring, in feather as to cash, at least, temporarily, was the gayest of the gay. He was a fairly good-looking man, popular in the county, and he made the most of his attractions. The report whispered by Lady Lydia—that her son Jarvis would inherit all, or nearly all, of Sir Dene's property not entailed: the entailed portion of course descending to young Dene—spread everywhere, and people judging hastily, took it for granted Jarvis would be rich. Mothers far and near courted Captain Clanwaring, daughters ran wild to get from him only a look. He was the fashion; the one cynosure of society: and that, in a country district and in the long past days we are writing of, implied a great deal. But he had only eyes and ears for Mary Arde; his tender words, his sweetest smiles, his fascinations altogether were lavished upon *her*. Mrs. Arde favored the captain's pretensions far more than the Squire did. Good looks, good family, irreproachable name, (and, for all the Squire or any of his friends suspected, the captain's was sufficiently irreproachable), devoted love, and the star of fashion are all good things in their way, but they do not entirely compensate for lack of an assured position, of a safe income, or for a kind of innate dislike that the Squire could but be conscious of. But these objections of his were not absolutely insurmountable. Whoever married May would obtain by the act present money and future position, for Arde Hall would descend to May; and in regard to liking or disliking, that was May's affair more than her father's. Altogether the Squire was at length brought to say that if May set her mind upon Captain Clanwaring, he would not hold out against the marriage. Captain Clanwaring in answer (for the concession was spoken to him personally) seized the Squire's two hands in his, and thanked him with deep emotion, his dark eyelashes wet with tears.

"I think the fellow has some good in him," decided the Squire.

And so, once more, all things being propitious, the Captain tried his chance, and had another fling with the die. It was a lovely day in June, and May was sitting outside the windows on the lawn bench, under the walnut tree, reading a new book. She wore a dress of some pink material, its low body and short sleeves (still the fashion) adorned with white lace. Her brown eyes were bright, her pretty hair was tossed back, her cheeks had a radiant blush. Something in the book had called up the *sigan*, for the story put her in mind of her own story and Tom Clanwaring's—a rich heroine was constant to a poor lover. May in her heart was just as constant to Tom, and meant to be—but the secret was buried five fathoms deep within her breast.

"How I long to peep at the end! I know it must all come right there!" she softly said, turning over some of the leaves. "But no I'll not: it would spoil my pleasure in reading. And something else will come right if we only have patience. I wonder what he is thinking, all this while. If— Oh, my goodness, here comes that other one!"

The other one was Captain Clanwaring. Glancing round in desperate hopelessness of escape, May could only sit on where she was. The Captain, decked out in nankeen trowsers and all the other fashionable adjuncts of the period, was kissing the tip of his tan-colored glove to her, as he advanced, flourishing his cane. May wished the grass plot would open and let him in.

Not at all. He came on safely, and sat down beside her. Possibly seduced to it by the sweetness of the summer day—the balmy air, the rich hues of the flowers on which the bees hummed and the butterflies sported, the scent of the new mown hay in the side field, the universal loveliness of all things around—or perhaps by the winning beauty of May herself, Captain Clanwaring again spoke the few magic words to her, that many another girl in the county might have given her ears to hear. "May, will you be my wife?"

"Oh—thank you—thank you very much," responded May in a desperate flutter. "But—I—can't."

"Do you mean that you won't, May?"

"I—can't—thank you; I don't want to marry," stammered May. "Please, Captain Clanwaring, don't ever say anything about it again."

She had risen to escape; but he caught her hand and detained her. Holding her before him while he poured forth his love-tale, her face so pretty in its distress, the blushes chasing each other across it, was more than he could withstand; May suddenly found his handsome black moustache bent upon her lips, and a kiss taken. With a sharp wrench of her hands out of his and a cry of pain, May got away from him and ran indoors.

Susan Cole, putting her young lady's things to rights in the wardrobe, was astonished to see her dart into the chamber, fling on a chair, and burst into tears.

"What on earth has took you now, Miss May?"

"I wish I could run away somewhere! I *wish* I could!" exclaimed Miss May, passionately. "It is a wretched world."

"Indeed, and I think it's a very good world for them that like to make the best on't," returned Susan.

At that moment some lines of an old song were heard through the open window: a tolerably old song even in that day. The singer was probably unconscious that he had an audience:—

"Don't you remember a poor carpet weaver,
Whose daughter loved a youth so true.
He promised one day that he never would leave her,
Down in the vale where violets grew.
Never, he told her, would he be a rover:
She fondly thought he told her true.
Ah, how shall this maid his truth discover?
Ah, will he plight his vows anew?"

Susan Cole's head went cautiously out.

"It's Captain Clanwaring, Miss May," she whispered, bringing it in again. "He's a sitting on that there seat below, under the walnut tree."

"And I wish he was hanging on the tree instead!" returned Miss May.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRACTICAL NOTES
FOR
FUTURE CALIFORNIA TOURISTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY A LADY.

No. 2.

This jaunt over the Rocky Mountains was very pleasant, and it would be found so by most. The accommodations are as good as one ought to expect, knowing the difficulty of reaching the various places.

I made it a point at the stopping places, after hearing the masculine part of the community lavish praises on western life, to quietly converse with the wives, that I might know their experience. They invariably agreed on this point—though they miss many pleasures, when returning to their Eastern homes, yet they sadly need better assistance in household matters at the West. If they succeed in procuring a good servant, some man envies them, and offering to pay her wages with love, she leaves for another home. Oh! the trouble these men do give us! And yet how generous we are in retaliation, for an unmarried man of moderate capacity, when brought under the influence of a good wife, becomes a first-class workman, causing his employer to marvel at the improvement.

This fulfillment of woman's fate is decidedly inconvenient for housekeepers. The only alternative it seems to me is to take John Chinaman. Though all confessed this trouble has to be met, there seems many charms that even the women miss when leaving their Western homes.

Denver is really the famous Pike's Peak district, though that peak is miles away—soaring up in southern distance 14,000 feet above the level of the sea, and seeming much nearer than it really is, owing to the purity of the air. Even though you be a first class pedestrian, do not be tempted into experimenting in these regions, for distance is so deceptive. The gentlemen tell jokes on their poor deluded wives, who, ignorant of how their husbands gained their experience, only calmly listen. "When my wife came out here, she insisted on walking out to the foot-hills over there, to see the sunset, or enjoy a stroll by moonlight, but when I told her it was thirteen miles, she had to back down." It will be well to remember this, and not accept a challenge.

After leaving Denver, our next point was Cheyenne, where we took the Union Pacific road to Ogden. These lines run with wonderful accuracy, so that by referring to your watch and time table, you may positively count on the place arrived at. This is one noticeable truth, and there are others which you may accept. I think all railroad agents are falsifiers to a degree. I will be charitable, and presume that, "Topsy" like, they were "born so," and cannot help it. For instance, in the matter of (drawing-rooms, if you are wanting one, the train you select is just the one that has them—but when you get aboard, you are told the train does sometimes have them, in fact often does, but that car is off to-day. There are sections though. Of course you knew that before, but you thought money might procure a drawing-room. Weak fancy. Place no reliance on it. Our very first experience was that two tickets had been sold for one section, and when we came to make our claim, another individual stood ready for the same place at the same time. But the conductors, as the guide-books tell us, are gentlemanly and obliging: and we really found that true, without one exception. They adjust all difficulties and disappointments as best they can, and receive the abuse offered for the agent's unfulfilled promises as quietly as you could expect.

My advice is, do not hope for too much; and, above all, do not growl too long over vexations. Long continued growling affects the atmosphere of the "Pullman's sleeper," and as the journey is a long one, all mark the growler, and he does not gather sympathy; though if one who is abused takes relief in a free expression at the time, he is supported.

It is the fashion to have a guide-book, purchased from the book agent in the cars, and to study it carefully. Truly it does add much to the pleasure, preventing the thousand questions one is prompted to ask. You pass from place to place so quickly, that though you are well read up before leaving home, your thoughts will scatter with the many new sights around you.

As you advance and cross the plains, and notice the old emigrant track, you think of the many brave hearts that crossed at slower pace, spending week after week in accomplishing what you are now doing so rapidly, and yet you say, "How many more miles before we see a tree?" After the plains comes the desert, with its alkali, and you feel its effect upon skin, throat, and eyes. It is well to furnish yourself with a pair of smoked glasses, fitting close to the eyes, they are a great relief from the long-continued glare.

You may have pleasant anticipations of an observation car being added to the train at some of the finest points on the journey—do not let your heart dwell too fondly on the thought, for it may happen that the car was left at the foot of the ascent on the last trip. The employees quietly accept the fact with pleasure, the "old thing being heavy, and it would take up the time to connect it," &c. All true enough, and pleasant enough for those passing over the road daily, but the tourists are disappointed, and want to know why they cannot have it. It is outrageous to promise it, or insinuate it will be furnished, and then disappoint you. It is no use—do not fret longer—realize the truth that you do not control the road, and go and sit in the rear door. Thanks to the kind conductor who noticed, I presume, the unexpressed disappointment of your obedient, and said, "Go to the rear car and get on the platform." He arranged me a seat in the doorway, and there I sat while the train, with breaks all down, dashed through Echo and Weber canons, past the Devil's Slide, and by the gate of his Satanic Majesty, through which flowed the Weber river. Do not fail to see all these. You may say, "Everybody cannot sit on the rear platform." True enough, but everybody will not read my hints. Sometimes the observation-car is at hand, and it pleases the company or conductors to allow you to ride in it. We twice were so favored—the car being at the right place at the right time. From these cars one can obtain a fine view, for they are arranged with open sides, some without cover, others with top alone, all having seats running the length of the cars, passengers sitting facing each other. They are very roomy, and accommodate all who desire to enjoy them.

My absence from my accustomed seat created some wondering from our travelling companions, which would have been avoided had they, like a pious-faced old gentleman, overheard the conductor's remark, and accompanied me as he did. He became a shadow, following me and fearing to leave my vicinity, lest some fine view should escape his observations. My actions controlled his the rest of the day.

Our next change was at Ogden, where we took the cars for Salt Lake City, for who would pass by that noted spot? We felt it best to visit important places on our route outward, for after an absence from home when the face is once turned towards it, the natural desire is to hurry on the homeward trip. Going out, the mind is at rest and better fitted for enjoyment.

Every traveller that enters this place is ripe for criticism, and I have never heard a greater variety of impressions than in regard to Salt Lake City. To me it compares favorably with other places of its size—the streets are freer from unsightly things than our larger cities. The water that runs through the city is as clear as any brook water, and flows in a strong current. I sat and watched them dipping it up with little pails, filling larger ones for household purposes. Nearly all the houses have a plain but comfortable appearance, though like all other places, there are different degrees of wealth manifested by varied styles of living.

The number of Gentiles that are now residing there carry an outside influence with them, and there is no doubt but Brigham Young feels the power of it, though not willing of course to admit it. Through the Mormons the valley has been brought under fine cultivation, and irrigation proved so excellent that they are ready to argue you into the belief that we in the East are unfortunate in having nature rain when it does, and give us a drought at other times.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What Is Home?

"Home," says Robertson, in his sermons, "is the one place in all this world where hearts are sure of each other. It is the place of confidence. It is the place where we tear off that mask of guarded and suspicious coldness which the world forces us to wear in self-defence, and where we pour out the unreserved communication of full and confiding hearts. It is the spot where expressions of tenderness gush out without any sensation of awkwardness, and without any dread of ridicule. Let a man travel where he will, home is the place to which 'his heart untrammelled fondly turns.' He is to double all pleasure there. He is to divide all pain. A happy home is the single spot of rest which a man has upon this earth for the cultivation of his noblest sensibilities."

☞ A Portland man, by having his wife about him, and a plentiful supply of eggs, saved the life of his wife a week or two ago. She had swallowed a dose of corrosive sublimate by mistake, and the frightened neighbors had given her over for as good as dead, when her husband, fortunately returning home, promptly administered the whites of fifteen eggs, which completely neutralized the poison.

☞ The new revision of the English Bible, taken in hand some years since by a body of learned clergymen, has advanced to nearly the end of the book of Genesis.

☞ There are in the United States one hundred and fifty-three monasteries, or religious houses for men leading the monastic life of the Roman Catholic Church, and three hundred and thirty-six convents, or cloisters for women.

☞ Mrs. Julia A. Holmes has recently established at Washington a "woman's printing-office," in which she proposes to instruct as many young ladies as possible in "the art preservative of arts." In connection with the composing-room is a stereotyping department, where the young ladies will be taught how to do it, it being a suitable and profitable employment for "heaven's last, best gift," etc., etc.

☞ At the summer hotel hops, so far, it is a noticeable fact that half the girls have to content themselves with partners of their own sex.

A SAD STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY ANNA W. YOUNG.

Some ten or twelve years ago, I was housekeeper in the family of a Mr. Edward Douglass, who lived on a beautiful place many miles from here. His family consisted of his wife, a son and an only daughter, Mabel, a perfect beauty, and one of the gayest, brightest spirits I ever knew.

She was her father's darling, and he petted and indulged her in everything wealth could command. She was very lovely with her violet eyes and golden hair; but her chief charm was her voice, it was so low, so silvery sweet, and yet so full of joy; so many used to say when they listened to it, that it reminded them of sunshine, and flowers, and music. She was very kind-hearted, and won the love of all those about her; but she was willful too, and sometimes would have her own way. Well, Mabel was eighteen when she first saw Hugh Graham. Mr. Douglass invited him to his house, where he remained several months, and he and Mabel, from being the best of friends, ended by falling desperately in love with each other. Her parents were delighted at this; and when Graham asked her hand in marriage, her father readily gave his consent. The young people were anxious to be married right away, but Mr. Douglass, partly to keep Mabel a little longer with him and partly because he disliked short engagements, decided the marriage should not take place until Mabel was nineteen.

The winter passed by gayly and happily to them, and the summer was near at hand; the hot months they decided to spend up here on the mountains, and set out with a large party of ladies and gentlemen; among the latter were Hugh Graham and Will Howland, a cousin of Mabel's. Then came gay times; there were balls, pic-nics, rides and drives, and for a time things went on pleasantly enough; but after awhile a coolness sprang up between Mabel and her lover. It happened this way—she was a bit of a coquette, and was a little too fond of encouraging the attention and admiration her beauty called forth. The young men were devoted to her, especially her cousin Howland, and she was much oftener seen walking and driving with him than with her betrothed. Graham chafed under this order of things and remonstrated with her, but to no purpose; so the breach widened day by day.

At last one day, on my way to the falls, for I had accompanied the family on their trip, I saw Mabel and her cousin seated beneath a tree engaged in earnest conversation. He was holding her hand, while her head rested on his shoulder. A moment after Graham passed me, and I knew by his desperate look that he had seen them too. That night I carried a note from him to her; it contained a request to meet him alone in the parlor. A stormy scene ensued; he upbraided her for her infidelity, and she acknowledged a love for her cousin. Too proud to sue for the heart he had lost, Graham then and there broke the engagement. It was a bitter blow to her fond old father, and he solemnly declared his daughter should never marry Will Howland. Mabel coaxed and begged him to consent, but he would not, and forbade her ever mentioning the subject to him again. She then yielded to her cousin's entreaties and promised to elope with him.

The dawn of day was decided upon for the elopement, and the night before Mabel made her last attempt to reconcile her father to her marriage with her cousin, but he refused to listen to her, and thus sealed his daughter's fate. Early in the morning Mabel left her room, and unobserved by any one joined Howland, who was waiting for her with his horse and buggy a little beyond the house, completely screened from view by the dense foliage around. The road down the mountain was a very dangerous one, abounding in ruts and gullies, while on each side were fearful precipices.

They had proceeded some distance, when suddenly the report of a gun rang clear and loud through the woods, and the next moment Hugh Graham stood, like a spirit of evil and darkness, in the road before them. He was out hunting that morning, and was in pursuit of a deer when he saw the buggy. He recognized its occupants immediately, and comprehending in an instant that an elopement was intended he resolved to prevent it. Accordingly, he placed himself right in front of the horse, and answered Howland's shout to get out of the way by seizing the reins, and declaring that only over his dead body should he bear Mabel away. Howland's face became livid with rage, and raising his whip he struck Graham. Then followed a deed which would never have been committed had not Hugh Graham's heart been steeped in bitterness, envy and jealousy. He drew a pistol from his belt, and regardless of Mabel's screams fired. Howland fell back wounded, and was thrown out by a sudden jerk the frightened horse gave the buggy. The animal reared and snorted, and finally plunged towards the edge of the precipice; the treacherous earth crumbled beneath his weight, and losing his footing he fell, with the buggy, with a fearful crash to the bottom.

When Graham saw the buggy fall, and Mabel in it, an awful look passed over his face, and for a moment he seemed transformed into stone. Then with a shriek of despair he rushed down to where she lay mangled, crushed and insensible. His lamentations over her were heartrending—he seemed like one bereft of reason. Meanwhile a carriage with a gentleman in it had made its appearance, and to him Howland related what had just occurred. Horrified at what he heard, the gentleman who was a physician, hastened to the poor girl's assistance, but before he could reach her Mabel was beyond all earthly help; in that dark gloomy spot she breathed her last. They carried the corpse to the house, and no words can paint her poor old father's grief; he cursed them from the depths of his stricken heart, calling down the vengeance of the Almighty upon the murderers of his child.

Graham was never seen again by those to whom he had caused such terrible anguish. Howland, as soon as he had recovered from his wound, sought him everywhere, but in vain, he had disappeared, and no one could tell where he had gone.

A year after, I married and came here to live, and about four years ago Graham suddenly presented himself before my door. Amongst other questions I asked him about Howland, and never shall I forget the ghastly smile his face wore as he answered, "His blood too is upon my hands, I am his murderer." This was all he said. Turning suddenly he walked quickly away, and I have never seen him since.

WHY WOMEN ARE POOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In a letter addressed to the "Dear Post," and published in No. 2603, the writer closes with this question: "How can a working woman who needs all her time to properly carry on her trade, or occupation, manage to get it?"

Now I have looked some time for the "Dear Post" to answer that question, and since he (or she, I do not know what the sex of a newspaper is) does not seem inclined to do it, I have concluded to take the responsibility off his hands, for surely every civil question is justly entitled to an answer.

But first, since I have some perhaps unpalatable truths to tell, let me "sugar-coat the dose" by informing my readers that I like the fair author of that letter on "Unprofessional Dressmaking" very much indeed, and her articles, when they appear, are generally the first I read.

And now for the question.

First, it is a well known fact that the public, while they usually accept a business *man* at his own valuation till he proves himself unworthy, never accept a business *woman* at *any* valuation till they have tried her. Thus woman spends years working up to the starting point, while man has merely to begin and go ahead. *Mem.*—Loss of *time* to women.

Second, it is also a well-known fact that woman is generally paid less than man for the very same labor. *Mem.*—Loss of *money* to woman.

Now I admit that this is all wrong. But let me ask, "Who is to blame?" I hope Zig will not annihilate me if I say it is woman herself.

Let us look into the first number of the question. If the foundation of a house is weak, the building can never be strong. And just so, right at the start, woman makes her mistake, for not one in ten thousand ever learns a business with the intention of making it a *life* business, unless she learns it after her life is half gone. "I will be a milliner," soliloquizes the maiden, "that I may earn money enough to *dress* well and catch a husband." The husband "caught," her business is laid aside and a new one, which she has never learned, takes its place; and then, if her husband, who is made dyspeptic by food not fit for a pig, grumbles over his ill-served meals, he is a "brute" forthwith.

Now everybody knows that an adept in any calling is far preferable to a raw hand; and is it any wonder then that those who employ labor of any kind should prefer that which promises permanency? Hence, woman being a suspicious character, it becomes necessary for her to prove her good intentions; and this being a question of time, it takes time to do it.

The only matter of wonder is that men are less wise in marriage than in anything else. As witness the poor men who know they cannot keep a wife and housekeeper too, and yet marry women who know less than nothing about housekeeping.

And then, even after a woman has been accepted, she can seldom be depended upon. Your washerwoman will send you word at the very last of the week that she cannot do your clothes because she is having so much company. The cousin to the milliner's forewoman getting married, and of course she must do so just before Christmas, that she may have her holidays and wedding festivities all in one, off goes the forewoman in the very busiest season, leaving her employer in the lurch. And even the deiver in the mines of thought will take up the time which she might spend in working out some beautiful problem for the good of men's souls, in puzzling her unwilling brains with "a conglomeration of flounces, frills and overskirts, with aprons before and behind, and at the sides and"—and all for what? Why, to be *fashionable*, "and hence decent." How paltry seems the excuse when we reflect that the commonest woman on our streets can probably outdo her in her efforts in that direction.

Now, I flatter myself that part of the question is disposed of. So I pass to the second number.

To begin with, employers can always pay more for reliable help than for unreliable; and I might go back to the old question and "fight it out on that line," would employers but make a difference between reliable and unreliable women.

That they do not is simply for this reason. A business man who would succeed can never afford to pay more for a thing than its market price. And if women wait for men to set their price for them, is it any wonder that they set it a little lower than their own? Self-preservation is the first law of life.

An old member of the Typographical Union told me that the reason women compositors get less than men for the same work is merely because, like the "rats" of the other sex, they do not demand it. He said farther, that were they to become members of the Union, only competent printers being eligible of course, they could get Union prices.

Now the question is, why do not women—not only printers, but those also following other avocations—unite themselves together as men do, and refuse to work for little or nothing? Woman forms too large a proportion of the working class, in the great hive of humanity, even after deducting the fashionable drone, for her services to be dispensed with; there is, therefore, no possible danger in such a stand.

If a man earns a dollar he has a right to it; but, in nine cases out of ten, he will have to ask for it before he gets it. So if a woman sets a thousand ems of type, in a place where the ruling price is fifty cents per thousand, she has a right to her fifty cents; but if she only demands forty-five, she need scarcely be astonished at not receiving fifty.

This, dear Zig, I respectfully submit to you as a *part* of the remedy you ask. But only a part; and the length of this article admonishes me to leave the rest for some other time; and perhaps for an abler pen.

MOUSE-IN-THE-CORNER.

☞ "What is often called indolence," says Henry Crabb Robinson, "is in fact the unconscious consciousness of incapacity."

☞ The daughter of a Pittsburg iron merchant is the best "bowlist" at Cape May. She makes ten-strikes, cooked hats, &c., at every bowl—and sends the balls spinning along the alley in splendid style.

☞ AT A CONCERT.—(Mr. Bellows, on finishing his song, has been rapturously encored.) *Bill*—"What's that chap brought back for?" *Harry*—"Why, don't you see, he sung his song so badly that they're going to make him do it all over again!"

The Children's Land.

One of the first things that strikes the attention of an American in Germany, when he begins to get a little insight into the life of the people—says Dr. Hurst, in the *Methodist*—is the equality and sympathy existing between parents and children. In no country do parents take more pains, and likely not so much to enter the very hearts and lives of their children than here. They very early make them acquainted with their plans, talk with them as to older people, never go on an excursion or journey without them, and search everywhere for whatever will minister to their amusement and instruction. In no home would I sooner expect to find a father turning himself into a horse, an elephant, or a barrel on his parlor floor, for his children to ride him, roll him over, or do with him what they please, than in a German one—and the clergyman's as soon as any other. There are probably five juvenile household games in Germany to one anywhere else, and the parents exercise a wide discretion by having frequent entertainments for their children, and providing everything possible for the amusement of all, to make their homes the most attractive spot on earth to the little folks. The child that asks a question is not met with a blunt answer, but with such a reply—as pleasant and instructive as the parent knows how to give—as naturally promotes other inquiries, and gives stimulus to the mind.

One of the causes of the equality between the old and young here lies in the fact, that the child, at any rate the eldest boy, is expected to follow his father's business, and must early share his plans. The same house, the same employment, and sometimes, perhaps, the same generation of customers, are identified with the same family and name, to the defiance of changes of governments, from century to century. If Luther and Melanchthon should arise from the stone floor of the old Castle church in Wittenberg, and be under the necessity of going shopping together, it would not be unlikely that they could buy books, stationery, clothing, and groceries, and get every want supplied, at about the same shops that they patronized then—three hundred years ago.

But there is a far deeper cause—the Germans love children, and the more they have the greater their joy. So soon as another is added to the number, the father is expected to communicate by letter the fact to all his near and remote relatives and friends—and in due time he has every reason to expect congratulatory letters from them in return. The fact is stated in the papers, and then more letters come. The little stranger is fairly smothered with presents. When the baptism comes, which is expected to take place within a few weeks after birth, a great feast is given, and friends come from far and near. Each is expected to bring a gift of some kind, usually money, which is immediately put out at compound interest for the future benefit of the little recipients. The pastor makes an address, the Bible is read, prayer is offered, the ceremony performed, prayer again, and then eating and drinking and conversation.

FAR AND NEAR.

☞ There is a school teacher in Massachusetts who, it is said, sometimes, for punishment, compels her scholars to eat grasshoppers.

☞ FROM BYRON.—A lady had a favorite lap-dog, which she called Perchance. "A singular name," said somebody, "for a beautiful pet, madam. Where did you find it?" "Oh," drawled she, "it was named from Byron's dog. You remember where he says, 'Perchance my dog will howl.'"

☞ A "bridal chamber car" is being constructed at Schenectady.

☞ A hairdresser in New York has on sale a double braid of pure gray hair, twenty-eight inches in length and of about the thickness of one's wrist, on which he places the modest price of $3,000 and expects to get it, too. Truly, we are fearfully and wonderfully made.

☞ The hay crop must be a failure in Laconia, N. H., for the local journal says that "grasshoppers have got lame trying to hop from one blade to another.

☞ Fashionable summer gloves are in putty color, smoke color, strawberries and cream, tea rose, primrose, pale tan and *cuir*—quite queer, all of them.

☞ Tobacco juice being reported to be good to extirpate potato-bugs, Illinois farmers invite their neighbors to chewing picnics on their fields.

☞ The young Duke Alexis is said to bear a striking resemblance to his imperial father, whose favorite son he is. He speaks six languages fluently; smokes excessively; is a connoisseur in meerschaums and champagne; can swear in twelve tongues beside his native Russian, and play billiards like a professional.

☞ In the execution of a recent deed by a man and his wife, the wife was taken aside, before the acknowledgment was made, by a commissioner, who, in the usual form, asked: "Do you execute this deed freely, and without fear or compulsion of your husband?" "Fear of my husband!" exclaimed the wife, "I've had five husbands, and never was afraid of any one of them."

☞ A slight coolness rose between Julia and Augustus at dinner the other day at Newport. The attentive waiter separated them with a pyramid of ice cream.

☞ A newly fledged Philadelphia doctor recently settled in Havana, Ill., and the first case he had was a boy, who while shelling pop-corn, got a kernel in his wind-pipe. The doctor examined the case carefully, looked at the patient's tongue, and then told the father of the boy to build up a hot fire. When that was done, the doctor told them to take the boy and hold him over the fire until the kernel got hot enough to "pop out." The old man went up stairs and got his shot-gun, but while he was loading it the doctor escaped.

☞ The widow of a man who died in Ironton, Ohio, of *delirium tremens*, has recovered $5,000 damages from the man who furnished the whisky.

☞ A Western paper absolutely gloats over the fact that nine thousand three hundred and twenty-two children were spanked in one county in Illinois last year.

☞ A splendid story is told of Marshal McMahon when a colonel. During a parade he had an altercation with an officer in the ranks, who refused to obey him. McMahon finally threatened the offender, and the latter, drawing a pistol, took deliberate aim and fired. Fortunately, the cap snapped. Without the slightest sign of fear, cool and impassible, McMahon said, "Give that man fifteen days in the guard-house—*for having his arms out of order!*"

☞ In Paris, Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague bought six and a half yards of lace, the finest ever made, for $18,000; and the shop where it was sold retained a photograph of the costly fabric, and has it on exhibition.

☞ A Long Branch horse plumes himself on a white leather harness.

☞ They are having a funny contest in Peoria, Ill. A young man recently smoked a cigar to within about an inch of the tip without the ashes falling off. A rival smoked another half an inch shorter than his, and triumphantly labelled the ashes. And now all the young smokers in Peoria are trying to smoke a cigar shorter than any one else without breaking the ashes.

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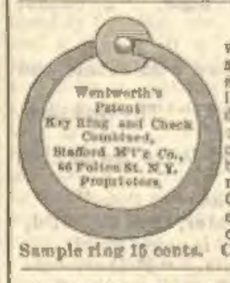

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Too Much for Him.

A Gentlemanly conductor was collecting tickets from his passengers. All handed over tickets promptly except one fat old lady who sat next to the door, and who seemed to be reaching down to get something she had dropped on the floor. When her time came to pay, she raised her head, and thus addressed the blushing conductor—

"I allurs, when I travels, carry my money in my stockin', for you sees nothing can get at it ther—and I'd just thank you, young man, just to reach it for me, as I'm so jammed in I can't get to it. I forgot to get a ticket at the depot."

The conductor glanced at the other passengers, some of whom were laughing at his plight; one or two young ladies among them blushed scarlet, and he beat a sudden retreat, muttering something about not charging old ladies &c. His cash was short that trip the fare of one passenger.

A Story from One of "Jo's Boys.

On one occasion the children were all gathered in a room, when they made a decree that every one that entered should tell a story. Mrs. Jo had just been trapped, and made to pay her forfeit, when little five-year old Bobby came in, having got out of bed to see what was the matter and dragged his bed cover with him. He was about to be turned ignominously out as one who could not pay his forfeit, when he protested vigorously against this sentence without a trial, and declared that he could tell "lots of ones," when he had 'fished." Having deeply cogitated for a moment, perched on his mother's knee and wrapped in the gay coverlet, he told the following brief but tragic tale, with an earnestness that made it funny:—

"Once a lady had a million children, and a nice little boy. She went up stairs, and said, 'You musn't go in the yard.' But he went, and he fell into the pump, and was drowned dead."

"Is that all?" asked Franz, as Rob paused, out of breath with his startling effort to evolve another inspiration.

"What did the lady do when he fell into the pump?" asked his mother, to help him on.

"Oh, she pumped him up, and wrapped him in a newspaper, and put him on a shelf to dry for reed."

A Dog Story.

About the biggest pile of knowledge we ever heard of possessed by a dog, was told us by his owner, who was a great politician. He said that dog always knew when there was to be an election as well as he did, and always went to the polls and stood round and listened to what was said, and the next morning would make him read the returns aloud. At one election the votes were going to run very close; the dog had heard the matter discussed, and he seemed more than usually excited. On the day of election he started and made believe run mad, and bit every voter of the opposite ticket that he could find, and scared the rest so they did not dare to go to the polls, and the result was that the party he worked for carried the election by a big majority. We never should have believed that, had we not heard it directly from the owner of the dog, and it illustrates the intelligence and reason of the dog better than any anecdote we ever heard.

One word more and we are done. It is perhaps no more than common justice to the reader that we should state that we afterwards learned that the man who told us that story—lied, and that he never owned a dog in his life. Still, if it had been true it would have been a beautiful illustration of canine intelligence.—*Belfast Journal.*

Personal to his Feet.

A Western correspondent says:—Out on the Union Pacific railroad officials put on a good many frills, and John Weed, one of the division repairers, is one of the most airy roosters that is known at the West. He is noted chiefly for two things—his overbearing disposition and his enormous feet. One day he was standing near a turn-table where some men were at work, when Jimmy Duff, an Irish wag recently from the East, approached him, and the following dialogue took place: "Can ye give me the time, Mr. Weed?" "The time, you impudent rascal!" exclaimed Weed, viewing him scornfully. What business have you to ask questions of your superior?" "I beg your pardon, sir," said Jimmy, "but seeing your worship wore a watch, and wishing to know the time, I thought it no harm to inquire." Weed was mollified by Jimmy's flattery and drew out his watch, and to the astonishment of all present, who had expected to see Duffy knocked down for his temerity, informed the interrogator that it wanted two minutes of 12 o'clock. "Tank you, sir," said Duffy; adding with a malicious grin, his eyes bent on his superior's feet, "if ye will be so kind, Weedy dear, as to step on the turn-table I will move around your boots so ye can go to dinner." At last accounts Jimmy was out of a situation and was on the look-out for some one who would lend him sufficient money to "get across the plains," en route for home.—*Exchange Paper.*

THE WRONG MAN.—An enthusiastic lady, who takes part in the religious exercises in the St. Louis Central Police Station Sunday mornings, told one of the persons she found there she was glad to see him sober for once, as she could see by his looks that he was often intoxicated; and after she had spent some little time in urging him to reform and lead a different life, closed her discourse on being informed that the subject of her solicitude was a minister who had been invited to assist in the exercises of the day.

AN Irishman observing a dandy taking his usual strut in Broadway, stepped up to him and inquired, "How much rent do you ask for those houses?" "Why do you ask me that?" "Faith, and I thought the whole street belonged to ye."

HEADING OFF MOSQUITOES.—"J. A. W." writes: "Not having the convenience of a cistern, I catch rainwater in barrels. To avoid breeding my own mosquitoes, I elevate my barrels so I can draw the water from the bottom, then pour upon the surface of the water a little *thin oil*, which soon is diffused over the water; and if it has 'wigglers'—undeveloped mosquitoes—in it, they will die, and no more will accumulate while the oil is on the water."

THE TYRANNY OF MASTERS.

ANN TO 'LIZA—"Well, there, I *am* surprised at master 'avin' seven men 'ere at work, and not *one* good-lookin' un amongst 'em! He did oughter be 'shamed of 'isself!"

RABBI GAMALIEL.

A Talmud Legend.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY WALTER.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings."

Rabbi Gamaliel, wisest of his race,
Proverb of truth, humility and grace,
Sat musing sadly in his velvet chair:—
"How vain is all this life! Light as the air
Its wealth, its honors. Wisest of the wise,
Men greet and envy me with wond'ring eyes.
How little do they know my bitter pain
While I my Prince's homage fail to gain
For the All-wise Jehovah. To my pleas
He turns a deafened ear, nor hears, nor sees
Aught save the folly of his stubborn heart.
'Twas only yesterday, within the mart,
He spat upon the ancient Sacred scroll.
Would God would teach me how to win his soul!"
Thus mused the Rabbi, when the tent was stirred,
And the soft voice of a young page was heard—
"The Prince would see your worship."

On his throne
Of gold and pearl the regal magnate sat.
Before him, on a broidered velvet mat,
Lay the first pages of the Sacred roll.
"Wise Rabbi, who would win my erring soul—
Tell me the story of the first man's birth."
"Great Prince, God formed him from the dust of earth."
"And woman?" asked the Prince, in accents glib.
"While Adam slept, God formed her from his rib."
"Thy God, then, is a thief! While Adam slept,
In gloom and darkness to his side he crept,
And stole his precious flesh. Is it not true?"
The Rabbi bowed his head. "I cannot answer you."

Within his tent, bent down with shame and grief,
Again the wise man mused, "'Thy God then, is a thief!'
Ah! wicked Prince, God judge 'twixt thee and me;
And yet, alas! I cannot answer thee."
Just then a peal of laughter, free and wild,
Rang in his ear, and lo, his angel child,
Theresa, stood before him. "Father, dear,
What means this anguish, whence this flowing tear?"
The Rabbi answered, "Woe beyond relief!
The Prince hath said 'Jehovah is a thief.'
And oh! ye angels, seraphs, cherubim,
Aid, help me, for I cannot answer him!"
The sweet child murmured, on her bended knee,
"My father, let the answer come from me."

She spoke, and rushing to the regal tent,
Stood tranced as on a holy mission bent,
Her robe of spotless linen, pure and sweet,
Swept downward to her fair, shell-tinted feet;
Her lips were parted, and her dove-like eyes
Cast upward, as in supplicance, to the skies;
Her whole face pallid, as of hope bereft.
"Vengeance! revenge! my Prince. A theft, a theft!
A wretched thief has stolen to our tent,
On deeds of violence and plunder bent,
And stolen from our board a bowl of lead;
'Tis true he left a golden one instead."

"A righteous robber be, my little dame!
Would we but had more such to grace the name."

"E'en so, my Prince, and such a theft was His
Who took from Adam what he could not miss—
But in its stead replaced a gift more fair
Than e'er was dreamed of in the realms of air,
Or earth, or Heaven! Woman, loving, sweet,
His hope, his joy, his equal—his helpmeet!"

The Prince was thoughtful! looking up he smiled,
And spake—"May thy God bless thee, angel child!
Thy face is radiant, and thy speech divine;
Henceforth, sweet seraph, shall thy God be mine."

Sunday, July 16, 1871.

☞ The last comicality in the way of fashion at Newport for men, is a rooster's feathers dyed red and stuck into the ribbon of a white or buff summer hat.

☞ At Vassar College the three hundred and fifty students have "Quaker grace" at breakfast. No audible blessing is asked, but each person thanks God silently.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MAUDE PERCY (Chillicothe, Mo.,) writes: "I have taken your very valuable paper for very near two years, and although it was always what I term splendid, I find it a great deal more attractive since you have added to it the column containing answers to correspondents. I have a question to ask which has weighed very heavily on my mind for some time, and I now come to you for advice. I have been engaged to a young man for two years, and during all that time he has never asked to accompany me out to any place of amusement, or to any gathering of any kind. I believe that he loves me truly and dearly, but I cannot conceive of any cause way he is not willing to be seen with me. The first year of our engagement I was not allowed to go into company, therefore have no fault to find with him then, but I cannot account for the last year. What I want to know is would it be right for me to ask him if he is ashamed to be seen with me, and in that manner cannot I come to a clear understanding with him? 2d. What do you think of my writing, and could you judge of my disposition by it?" We would not advise you to place your question in precisely those terms. At the same time two years' engagement should certainly privilege you to speak freely on such a subject. Does the gentleman attend such places himself? If not, and as you have never requested him to accompany you to such a place, he may imagine that you care no more for such entertainments than himself. Why not let him know that you have such tastes; and if that does not suffice, wait until some proper and attractive entertainment offers, and then frankly desire him to escort you there? His answer to such a request will probably explain the mystery which troubles you, and will enable you to judge better what to do next than we can with our present knowledge of the case. Your writing is fair for a lady's hand, but presents much room for improvement. It is not sufficiently decisive in character for us to form any judgment of your disposition by it.

J. A. H. (Fox Lake, Wis.,) writes: "Will you please give me your advice on the following subjects.—I am 23 years of age, and am living with my father and mother on the farm. Am the only child at home. My mother's health is poor. She has to have a girl to help her, but it is very hard to get help here. I am very deeply in love with a smart and well educated young lady only 15 years of age, and I think she loves me in return. Now do you think it would be right for me to become engaged to her now, and then to marry her when she is 16 (I would then be 24) and bring her home to live with my father and mother? My father is quite well off, and would, I think, be willing to help me. Do you think it would be proper for me to marry her now?" Some of us old fogies here east are apt to think girls of 15 are better suited for school than for matrimonial honors. It is not your age, but hers, and there is always too much of this marrying of children for us to advise as you seem to wish. If her parents are consenting parties, there is no reason why you should not engage yourself to her, if you are willing to wait three or four years until she reaches a more suitable age. Your letter implies that the reason you wish to marry now is that your mother needs a servant in her kitchen. If you can really and seriously entertain the scheme of bringing a girl of 16 home as your wife, with the intention of making her a servant to your mother, common shame should be sufficient to deter you from such a course, without the need of our advice.

CLARENCE J., Atlanta, Ga.) writes: "I am in love with two ladies. Now don't laugh, my dear Post, for I am in earnest. How it is possible for one man to feel the sentiment of love for two women is not the question with me, for I know that here are two girls of whom I am not sure which I love the best, and yet am sure that it is nothing less than love that I feel for them. One of these ladies is wealthy, the other poor. That would decide some persons how to choose between them, but has not decided me, for I think there are other things than the mere question of money to look to in such cases. Wealth has wings and may fly away, and love in a cottage may be more happy than love in a palace. This state of affairs has put me in a perfectly unsettled condition." Well, this statement of affairs is very interesting, but we cannot gather from it what you wish to know. Do you wish us to help you to a decision? We cannot gather from your words if either of them loves you. If you want us to help you on this point we should advise you to jump overboard before them, and choose the one that screams the loudest. If both equally "make the welkin ring," then of course you will still be in a puzzle. But as you may be mightily mistaken in regard to the perfect equality of the halves of your divided love, it might be best to coax them on board a steamboat, manage to have the boiler explode, and choose the one to whom your courageous affection first impels you to carry a life preserver. It is a knotty case as it stands, but we hope these suggestions may assist you.

LAWRENCE (Marathon, N. Y.) writes: "A few of us boys have got into a dispute, and we have agreed to leave it to the decision of the Correspondent's column of the Post. Which arm should a gentleman present to a lady when escorting her at a promenade, or to the table at a dinner? On which side of her should he walk? On the sidewalk, should he always take the out side?" In walking in the street, politeness requires that a gentleman escorting a lady should seek to make her position as agreeable as possible. Thus, in the case of a muddy or obstructed walk, he should seek to save her from inconvenience, without considering too strictly whether she be on the right or left side. Ladies are usually placed next the house or wall for the reasons that they are better protected in that position, and are on the higher portion of the slope. In every case where it may seem advisable to place the lady on the outside, there will be no breach of etiquette in doing so. When a lady takes your arm in the street, especially after dark, the left arm generally should be given, as the gentleman's right arm is thus left free for his cane, and for defence. In dancing, however, the position of the lady is on the right of the gentleman, so it is customary for the gentleman to offer the lady his right hand or arm to lead her to the dance, and after it is over to conduct her to her seat. And this custom settles the law for the promenade, and for the process on to the table, arriving at the table thus with the lady on the right, the parties seat themselves usually in the same manner.

G. G. (West Middlebury, Ohio,) writes: "I am a constant reader of your valuable paper, believing it to be one of the most interesting papers for family use now extant. I have noticed your column of answers to correspondents with pleasure. Now will you answer me a question or two? Does the Atlantic Cable lie in deep water (not resting on the bottom of the ocean,) or is it laid in shallow water and allowed to rest on the bottom? 2d. Who is Evangeline? Is she of Ancient or Modern birth?" The Atlantic Cable is laid in deep water, and rests on the bottom of the ocean. It crosses a plateau not nearly so deep as other portions of the Atlantic, but which could, by no stretch of language, be called shallow. 2d. Evangeline is of Modern birth, born in the brain of the poet Longfellow, and forming the main character in his poem of the same title. It is said that the principal incidents of the poem are founded on fact, but the Evangeline whom he presents to us is, probably, almost wholly a creature of the imagination.

INDIANA (Natchez, Miss.) writes: "Will you inform me through your Answers to Correspondents if Mrs. Wood, who wrote 'East Lynne,' and Miss Braddon, authoress of 'Lady Audley's Secret,' are one and the same person? Can you also tell which, Webster's or Worcester's Dictionary, is the standard for *pronunciation* in the Northern States?" Ans. No. By comparing their styles you will find that they widely differ. 2d. Worcester's is generally preferred by scholars—though Webster's is perhaps more extensively used.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER (Hastings, N. Y.) writes: "Will you please inform me in your Answer to Correspondents, if the Mrs. General Grimes the papers mention as being the richest woman in the world, is Mrs. Myra Gaines of New Orleans, the lady who so long a time contested a claim against the city of New Orleans?" Yes.

B. H. R. (Boudville, Vt.,) says: "I do not like to be dunned two or three times in the course of six months"—that is for his subscription money. Well, there is a very easy way to avoid it—pay up. Our subscriptions are due *in advance*. We do not like to have to dun people, but we have to do it in order to avoid being dunned ourselves.

AGRICULTURAL.

Binding Grain.

The Chicago Post states that a citizen of Wisconsin has invented an automatic machine that will cut, bind and deliver grain in a bundle, and that this problem, which for many years has excited a deep interest among agriculturists, has at last been solved. The machine in question was tried last season at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, on six different farms, in order to test its adaptability to rough, smooth, side-hill, and level ground, and also to different lengths of grain, whether grassy, tangled or well cultivated. The result established the fact that the work could be perfectly performed, and the per cent. of failures averaged five in the hundred, the machine having cut and bound one hundred thousand bundles. This year the same machine, with improvements, has again been on trial near Waukesha, Wisconsin, and the results were highly satisfactory. The machine was put in operation in a field of oats of about thirty-five acres. The grain varied in height from six feet in the most fertile to ten inches in the poorest parts, and was cut and bound in bundles from the size of a man's body to the size of his arm, and in some cases mere wisps, owing to the shortness of the straw. The butts were laid as smoothly as cut across with a knife, and the percentage of failures was insignificant. Subsequently the machine was placed in a field of wheat, which it cut and bound at the rate of fourteen acres a day. The machine, it is stated, does the work perfectly, and the grain is harvested with the exception of putting in shock and stacking. The wire bands used in tying up the bundles, it is reported, are efficient, and cost only thirty cents an acre.

The Philosophy of Heating Nails.

Every one knows that cut nails are brittle and easily broken; but when heated to a red heat and then cooled slowly, they will generally clinch as well as wrought nails. Jacob Abbott thus explains the matter in *Our Schoolday Visitor*:—"Common nails, being cut out from a plate of iron by means of shears working with prodigious force, have the substance of the iron so compressed that they are somewhat brittle, and the points are apt to break off if we attempt to clinch them. But these common nails can be softened by heating them cool slowly. The iron of nails, which is compressed and made hard by the action of the machine in which it is manufactured, is swelled out again by the heat of the fire and restored to its natural condition."

ASA Baldwin, Chatauqua county, N. Y., says that fifty years ago a very lousy cow of his ate ten or twelve onions, and in fifteen hours afterwards the lice had disappeared. He has tried the same remedy many times since, with the same result in each case. Good for the onions and the cows.

The Ohio Farmer recommends that the mangers for feeding cattle be divided by board partitions, to prevent the strong and greedy from obtaining more than their share, and to enable farmers to give to those animals that need it an occasional extra feed.

If screws are warmed and dipped in melted tallow it will prevent their rusting, and they can always be unscrewed with ease. A large quantity of screws can be greased in a few minutes, and the operation is one which will ultimately result in a great saving of time and labor.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 98 letters.
My 75, 1, 30, 44, 47, 87, 64, 83, 65, 22, 88, 35, is one of Shakspeare's plays.
My 52 12, 74, 2, 26, 17, 21, 98, 58, 51, 23, 94, is a talented authoress.
My 95, 10 60, 33, 45, 85, 37, 5, 50, 11, 91, 49 3, is one of Bulwer's novels.
My 14, 39, 38, 54 43, 97, 22, 36, 9, 61, 8, 32, 49, 40, 20, 46, is a popular song of the present day.
My 4, 45, 42, 65, 59, 6, 69, 72, 27, 56, 82, 17, is a burlesque actress of the present day.
My 7, 31, 84, 17, 18, 25, 49, is often heard in summer.
My 80, 73, 61, 15, is a well-known novel by Ouida.
My 27, 19 28, 83, 13, 61, 65, 43, is a character in Taming the Shrew.
My 65, 35 22, 91, 42, 66, 81, 51, 55, 63, 34, 93, 35, 68, 57, is a motto of one of the United States.
My 24, 62, 95, 39, 16, is an animal that lives in water.
My 31, 41, 15, 85, 53, 63, 8, 67, 90, 97, 76, 12, 66, 37, 64, 75, is a novel by Anthony Trollope.
My 60, 2 71, 75, 89, 70, 48, 78, 86, 11, is one Shakespeare's plays.
My 61, 82, 47, 47, 78, 79, is a well-known beverage.
My 96, 45, 11, 97, 92, 93, 66, 77, 98, is the name of a flower.
My 68, 46, 13, 26, is a musical instrument.
My whole is a quotation from Shakespeare.

COLUMBINE.

Word Square.

A chart.
An animal.
To fondle.

JENKINS.

Riddle.

Whole I am twenty.
Behead me and I am the heart of an apple.
Behead me again and I am a metallic compound.

P. HAMILTON.

Problem.

The value of a share of stock in a Savings, Loan and Building Association, on which $1 per month is required to be paid, was at the end of first year $20.48; at the end of second year $41.38; at the end of third year $63.97. At this rate of increase how many years from the organization of the association will be required for a share to become worth $200?

Send answer to Post, and solution to
Newark, Ohio. C. A. STEVENS.

Conundrums.

☞ A COCKNEY CON.—When may a laundress be considered to be starving? Ans.—When she (h)eats her iron.

☞ Why was Louis Napoleon's army like his moustache? Ans.—Because it was waxed at both ends.

☞ What is the difference between a plan of a battle-field and a roasted pippin? Ans.—One is a war map—the other a warm apple.

☞ At what period of his sorrow does a widower recover from the loss of his dear departed? Ans.—When he re-wives.

☞ Why is an expensive widow—pshaw! pensive widow, we mean—like the letter X? Ans.—Because she is never in-consolable (!).

☞ When is a candle like a tombstone? Ans.—When it's put up for a *late* husband.

[This is almost tomb much.]

☞ Give us a good definition of whitebait? Ans.—Widow's caps!

☞ When is a man's pastor really and truly his brother? Ans.—Why, when he's his pa's son!

[Very poor, pass on.]

The following is the very pareon-ification of a good riddle:—

☞ When is it dangerous to enter a church? Ans.—When there is a canon in the reading desk, a great gun in the pulpit, and a bishop charges the congregation!

☞ Why are the bishops like superannuated washerwomen? Ans.—Because they wear lawn dresses (were laundresses.)

Answers to Last.

METAGRAM—Bad, lad, mad, wad, sad, had.
WORD SQUARE—

J E S S E
E L H A N
S H A F T
S A F E R
E N T R Y

RECEIPTS.

BOTTLING PEACHES.—A writer in the Agriculturist says:—I used to consider the work half done when the peaches were peeled, but that is the simplest part of the process now. I believe that under proper management a bushel of peaches might be skinned in five minutes or less, and I have no doubt that it *is* done in well-regulated canning factories. A few years since you gave a recipe for skinning peaches with ashes and water. It was excellent, but I have discovered that it is not necessary to have the ashes themselves (as said the recipe) in the kettle—a strong lye is all that is required. Sal-soda and water will do the business, but I do not know the exact proportion, or if it needs to be exact. Make a strong lye of fresh wood ashes, pour off the clear lye into a kettle, bring to a boil. Put in as many peaches as desired, stir them round gently, and when you see any bare places take them out and throw them into a pail of cold water; remove the skin, and pass them into another vessel of cold water, and from thence to the kettle on the stove. They should not remain in the boiling lye more than twelve or fifteen seconds. I think white peaches are the nicest kinds to bottle; they are more delicate in color and flavor, but of course I always put up a large quantity of yellow varieties. A quarter of a pound of good white sugar is sufficient to a pound of the fruit; you may use less if you like, or even more; but the sugar penetrates the fruit while in the bottle, and very much improves the flavor. A few of the pits improves the flavor; where bottle room is not an object, the stones may be left in. It will take ten ordinary-sized peaches to fill a quart bottle, if whole. The same bottle would have held fourteen if halved and the stones removed. You will need to use a little water. The sugar and water should be brought to a syrup, when the peaches may be put in, and as soon as they boil well they should be bottled and sealed immediately.